JOHN BULL, FEBRUARY 16, 1929
TWOPENCE

# JOHN BULL

No. 1183.
Vol. XLV.

OVER A MILLION SALE

After Cooking

use HUDSON'S SOAP
For washing up

H344-220

R. S. HUDSON, LTD. LIVERPOOL, WEST BROMWICH and LONDON

# JOHN BULL'S GREAT ·GIFT· OFFER

With every "John Bull" Pen, admittedly worth 15/-, "John Bull" will present to you free a magnificent 2/6 "Ever-Pointed" Pencil, heavily plated, complete with refills and eraser, total value 17/6. Send six coupons and p.o. for 4/- only, plus 3d. for postage, and insurance and save 13/6

*Name engraved in gold on pen 6d. extra.*

**JOHN BULL'S Pen Coupon.**

This Coupon will be accepted as ¼ in part payment of the "John Bull" 5/- Lever Filler pen fitted with 14-ct. gold nib, iridium tipped, with which is presented FREE a 2/6 Ever-Pointed Pencil. Additional Coupons, any number up to five (six in all), ANY DATES, may be cut from "John Bull" and will be accepted in part payment. Thus you may send six coupons and p.o. for 4/3 (which includes postage and insurance). Pocket clip 3d. extra. Name engraved in gold on pen 6d. extra. Cross cheque/p.o. "& Co." Make payable to "John Bull." State if fine—medium—broad nib—JOHN BULL, Pen Dept., Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

**CASH THE COUPONS NOW!**

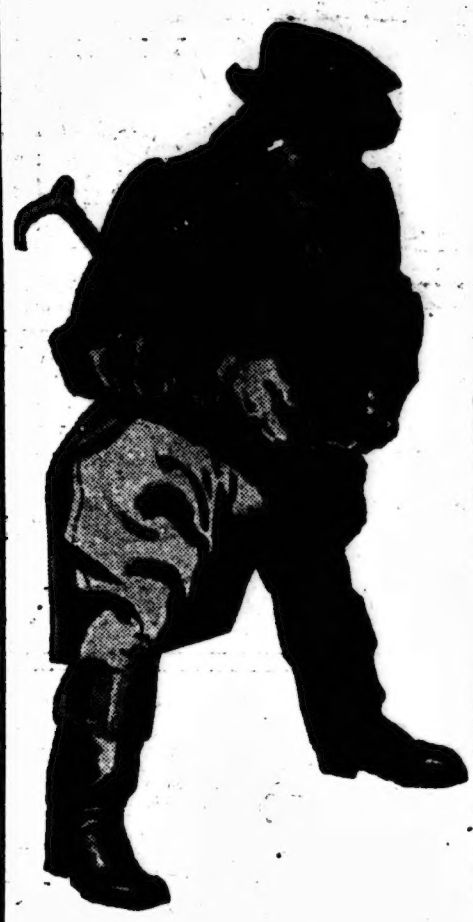

# Would you like £500 for a X-word?

Commencing next week "John Bull" is offering £500 every week in a novel must-be-won Crossword Competition. If you're a Crossword fan and could do with a cheque for £500 look out for "John Bull's" great new Crossword Competition

## Next Week!

*Solution to the Crossword Puzzle in our last issue.*

*This week's puzzle is on page 38.*

# LOOK RIGHT PLEASE!

If you wish to secure a superb "J. B. Ensign" Camera Free, not only for yourself but for a friend as well, you must hurry! Take our hint and get the Forms on the opposite page filled in without delay.

**A FREE "J.B. ENSIGN CAMERA" FOR YOU AND FOR YOUR FRIEND AS WELL.**

# JOHN BULL'S GREAT FAMILY FREE INSURANCE

# £500 PAID TO 2 REGISTERED READERS

**READER BURNED TO DEATH.**

**£250** Mrs. H. W. Fishburn, St. Peyton Road, Freemantle, Southampton, whilst busy ironing, suddenly caught sight of a newspaper alight near the kitchen fire. Her apron was enveloped in flames, and in a moment she was a blazing mass. Mrs. Fishburn's husband, on returning home, found his wife lying unconscious on the floor. He promptly wrapped a blanket round her and put out the flames, but she died from her injuries. Mr. Fishburn has since received a cheque for £250.

**FIRE STORM FLOOD SICKNESS ACCIDENT AND CHILDREN**

**WINDOW CLEANING TRAGEDY.**

**£250** Mrs. J. W. Dundas, 25, Hill, Harvell Street, Windsors Bridge, was cleaning the windows of her home when she overbalanced and fell head first to the pavement below. Mrs. Dundas suffered injuries to her spine, and was detained in hospital for a long time. She has since received a cheque for £250.

**HOME ACCIDENTS**
**A few more of the benefits paid.**

**£12** Nr. CANTERBURY. — Mr. Wm. Cozens, Crundale.
**£12** WEYMOUTH.—Mrs. R. Cozens, 32, Prince of Wales Road.
**£12** RAMSEY, HUNTINGDON.—Mrs. M. Berridge, "White Swan."
**£12** HALIFAX.—Mr. J. Ovenden, 32, Oates Street.
**£12** WHITBURN, W. LOTHIAN.—Mrs. A. Burrows, 111, West Main Street.
**£12** MANCHESTER.—Mr. C. P. Carter, 88, Mytton Street, Hulme.
**£12** ARNFIELD PLAIN. Mrs. M. S. Bowes, 9, Bell Terrace, New Kyo.
**£12** HEXHAM, NORTHUMBERLAND. Mrs. R. I. Rosenson, 7, Argyle Terrace.
**£12** GLASGOW.—Mr. J. Lyness, 46, Albany Street, Bridgeton.
**£12** HALIFAX.—Mrs. E. Wetherhead, 4, Berrys Buildings, Overdon.
**£12** WORKSOP.—Mr. A. Wright, 134, Newgate Street.
**£12** CASTLE EDEN.—Mrs. E. A. Rosenson, 6, Byron Avenue, Blackhall Colliery.
**£12** LANCASTER. — Mr. H. Goodwin, 4, Scarcell Road, Bulk Estate.
**£12** BIRMINGHAM — Mrs. A. Mason, 143, Stonehouse Lane, California, Quinton.
**£12** STRATFORD, E.15. —Mrs. F. Burgwood, 67, Ham Park Road.

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

CUT HERE

HAND THIS COUPON TO YOUR NEWSAGENT.

To (Name of Newsagent).....

Address .....

.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature .....

Address .....

Date .....

J.B., 10.2.29.

CUT HERE

POST THIS COUPON TO "JOHN BULL."

To "John Bull," Registration Department, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an order form to my newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

Reader's Name in full ..... Age.....
(CAPITAL LETTERS.)

Address .....

Reader's Signature.....

Name and address of Newsagent.....

.....

Date.....

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return.

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

J.B., 10.2.29.

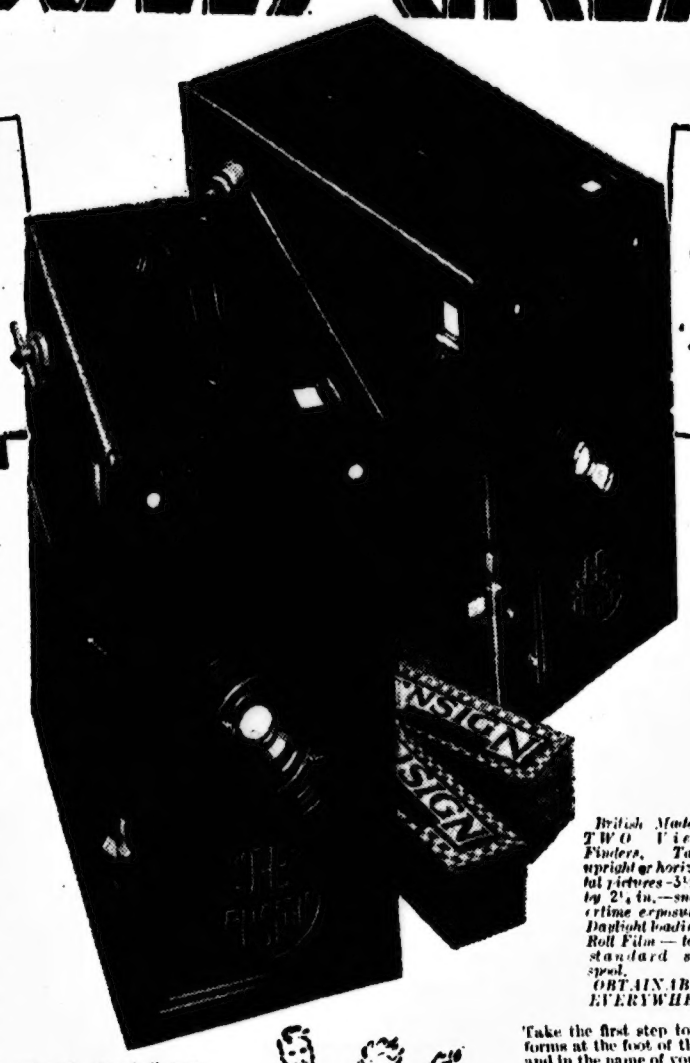
**HOME ACCIDENTS**
**A few more of the benefits paid.**

**£12** ABERAVON. — Mrs. B. Blazer, 17, Mabel Street.
**£12** Nr. PONTEFRACT. Mrs. J. Roberts, 1, Lane Ends, Fitzwilliam.
**£12** CWMBRAN, MON.—Mrs. M. A. H. Ezzy, 11, Orchard Street.
**£12** SUNDERLAND. — Mrs. E. Cass, 46, Hendon Street.
**£12** SHEFFIELD.—Mrs. C. B. Trubshaw, 46, St. Barnabas Road, Highfields.
**£12** LEITH. — Mrs. H. C. Wynn, 460, Easter Road.
**£12** GRAVESEND.—Mrs. R. R. Gatehouse, 4, Brunswick Road.
**£12** STOCKPORT, CHESHIRE. — Mrs. R. Barrow, 68, Somerhay Lane.
**£12** Nr. HALIFAX. — Mrs. J. A. Sandwell, Halroyd Square, Stainland.
**£12** GLYN J. GLAM.—Mrs. Tamplin, 7, Park Avenue.
**£12** S.E.16.—Mrs. E. E. Bulley, 64, Old Woolwich Road.
**£12** LOUGHBOROUGH. Mrs. E. James, 29, Clarence Street.
**£12** MANCHESTER. Mrs. C. Bunker, 37, Lomas Street, Chorel Street, Ardwick.
**£12** SCARBOROUGH. — Mrs. A. Pratt, 139 Castle Road.
**£12** WIDNES, Mrs. M. E. Rafferty 17 Catherine Street

# JOHN BULL'S GREAT GIFT

## FREE One for You

## FREE One for Your Friend




*British Made. TWO View-Finders. Takes upright or horizontal pictures 3¼ in. by 2¼ in.—snaps ortime exposures. Daylight loading—Roll Film—takes standard size spool.*
*OBTAINABLE EVERYWHERE*

THE response to "John Bull's" great gift offer of "J.B. Ensign" Cameras Free has been phenomenal. The huge number of 125,000 originally set aside for FREE distribution to our readers is disappearing fast. If you wish to secure one of these magnificent Gifts, not only for yourself but for a friend as well—take our hint and send in your application without delay.

Make no mistake about the Camera we offer. It is a genuine "J.B. Ensign," beautifully made by skilled British craftsmen—a real first-grade Camera, not a toy.

We make this great offer because we want to introduce the bigger and better "John Bull" and also "The People" to thousands of new readers. As "John Bull" readers know, "The People" comes from "the same stable," and just as the bigger and better "John Bull" is the finest weekly in the world, so is "The People" the supreme Sunday paper.

Both "John Bull" and "The People" offer to registered readers unequalled Free Insurance Benefits and both schemes have recently been extended in order to make them more practical and more generous than ever.

But we know that whatever we may say about "John Bull" and "The People" there is nothing so convincing as an actual trial. Therefore, we make the following unprecedented offer:

If you will—

1. Give "The People" a trial for thirteen weeks.
2. Find a friend who will give both "John Bull" and "The People" a trial for thirteen weeks.

We will present both to your friend and to yourself a "J.B. Ensign" Camera FREE.

Sooner than you think you will be wanting to take photographs of scenes like this. What fun your "J.B. Ensign" Camera will be!

It is a condition, of course, that the friend introduced by you is NOT already a reader of either "John Bull" or "The People."

### A trial that need cost nothing

In giving these great national papers a trial, neither you nor your friend need incur any extra expense. In these days practically everyone takes a Sunday newspaper and also a weekly periodical. For the next thirteen weeks we ask YOU to take "The People" as your Sunday newspaper and YOUR FRIEND to take "John Bull" during the week and "The People" on Sundays. At the end of your trial you will not only each receive a genuine "J.B. Ensign" Camera, but we think you will agree that we shall have done you an additional good turn by introducing wonderful papers that you will wish to take regularly.

As proof that both you and your friend have purchased "John Bull" and "The People" for thirteen weeks, you are both asked to cut out and affix thirteen consecutive numbers from thirteen successive issues of both these publications to the Gift Vouchers which will be sent to you upon receipt of the forms below. That is all. Directly your own and your friend's Gift Vouchers are received by "John Bull" properly completed you will each immediately receive a FREE "J.B. Ensign" Camera. There is no "catch." The full conditions are published below.

### Act to-day!

Take the first step towards securing "John Bull's" Magnificent Gift by getting the forms at the foot of this page filled in to-day. The forms below receive in your name and in the name of your friend two genuine "J.B. Ensign" Cameras. As soon as these forms are received "John Bull" will post to you two Official Gift Vouchers—one for your friend and one for you. At the same time two "J.B. Ensign" Cameras will be specially set aside and reserved—one in your own name and one in the name of your friend. Act at once and your Gift Cameras will reach you just in time for you to enjoy the fun of photography the whole season through.

### Post the Forms below at once!

#### Rules and Conditions

*It is important that the Rules and Conditions below are read by both the "John Bull" reader and the friend who is being introduced.*

The object of this scheme is to get bona-fide new readers for "John Bull" and "The People." If it should be found upon verification that any person introduced as a new reader is already a reader, **both applicants will be disqualified.**

A new reader shall be held to be a person who has not purchased "John Bull" and "The People" for the past three months.

Gift Cameras will not be awarded unless applied for on the Special Gift Vouchers which are sent (one each for you and your friend) to approved applicants upon receipt of the forms below. When your Gift Voucher is complete—that is after you have given "John Bull" and "The People" a trial and NOT before—all that you have to do is to see that it is sent in to us together with 10d. to cover cost of actual postage and packing. In addition, for your convenience and so that your gift reaches you ready for use, we have specially arranged with the Manufacturers to include with each Camera one "J.B." Ensign" Film which will take six pictures, size 3¼ x 2¼. For this you send 1s. 2d.—the ordinary retail price. You thus receive your Camera completely equipped and ready to take photographs the moment you unpack. Further films are obtainable at all local dealers. Price 1s. 2d. each.

This offer is limited to the first 125,000 applicants. No person may qualify for more than one Gift Set, and no gift will be awarded to more than one member of the same family (same address).

Copies of "John Bull" and "The People" must be paid for in the ordinary way, and to retain new quality by purchasing back numbers for either whole or part of the thirteen weeks.

This offer applies only to readers resident in Great Britain, Northern Ireland and the Irish Free State. The Editor of "John Bull" cannot undertake to correspond with applicants in other countries, and no gifts can be forwarded abroad.

CUT HERE—DO NOT SEPARATE FORMS BELOW

1d. stamp MUST be affixed by YOU in this space to cover return postage.

From: "JOHN BULL," Gift Department, 85, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY IN BLOCK LETTERS.

## YOU FILL IN THIS FORM

### Reservation Form "A"

To be filled in by the reader of "JOHN BULL" who is introducing a new reader.

To "JOHN BULL" (Dept. A.3), 85, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

**IMPORTANT**

Cut out the label on the left very neatly round the dotted line and enclose it with these Reservation Forms. This label, which will be used by "JOHN BULL" for sending to you both your own and your friend's Gift Vouchers, MUST be filled in by the "John Bull" reader with his name and full postal address written VERY CLEARLY IN BLOCK LETTERS. A halfpenny stamp to cover return postage MUST be affixed by YOU to blank space provided.

In accordance with your special offer, please set aside and reserve a "J.B. Ensign" Camera in my name in return for my undertaking to give "The People" a trial for thirteen weeks and also for introducing a new reader who has personally signed Form B and who undertakes to give both "John Bull" and "The People" a trial for thirteen consecutive weeks. **I certify that my friend is not at present a reader of either "John Bull" or "The People."**

I have read and agree to abide by the conditions governing this offer.

Please send me Official Gift Voucher for the Free "J.B. Ensign" Camera.

**N.B.—Please also fill in your name and full postal address on the Label on the left, also affix halfpenny stamp on space provided to cover return postage.**

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

.....DATE.

A.3

Give below name and address of Newsagent.

("John Bull") .....

.....

*("The People") .....

.....

*If the same as "John Bull," write in space above "as above."

N.B.—If you are NOT already a registered reader you may, if you wish, enclose Registration Form from page two of cover. J.B. 16.2.29. Available until 2.3.29. Please Write Clearly.

Checked.....

**N.B.—Do not separate these forms — send them to "John Bull" together with label on left in an unsealed envelope bearing a halfpenny stamp. You MUST also affix halfpenny stamp to label on left to cover return postage on your Gift Vouchers.**

## YOUR FRIEND FILLS IN THIS FORM

### Reservation Form "B"

This Form MUST BE filled in and signed by the new reader personally NOT by the "John Bull" reader who is introducing him.

To "JOHN BULL" (Dept. A.3), 85, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Your special Gift Offer was introduced to me by the "John Bull" reader who has filled in the Form on the left. **I hereby certify that I am NOT at present a reader of "John Bull" or "The People," and that I have not purchased either of these publications for the past three months.** I make it to give them both a trial for thirteen consecutive weeks.

In accordance with your special offer, please set aside and reserve a "J.B. Ensign" Camera in my name. Also please send me through my friend, Official Gift Voucher for my "J.B. Ensign" Camera. I have read and agree to abide by the conditions governing this offer.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

DATE.....

(*) Please note that your friend will hand you your Gift Voucher. It will be sent to him together with his own. Give below name and address of your newsagent.

("John Bull") .....

.....

*("The People") .....

.....

*If the same as "John Bull," write in space above "as above."

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

Checked.....

Cut out label very neatly—affix halfpenny stamp—and send in with these Forms.

## PAY FOR COAT AS YOU WEAR IT

Tweeds, Cheviots, Heathers, Meltons and Naps. Made to Measure from 39/6. NO DEPOSIT. Delivered on payment of first instalment of 5/- then pay 5/- monthly until you have paid in all **39/6**

Better qualities up to £10 10 0; also SUITS from 52/6. DINNER JACKET SUITS from 84/-. All Made to Measure on similar easy terms. Write or call for Patterns and Designs. Money returned if unsatisfactory.

Established 1901.

**J. B. THORNE & CO.**

36, Langham St., London, W.1.
NEW CITY BRANCH: Empire House (1st Floor), St. Martins-le-Grand (opp. G.P.O.)

## JOHN BULL'S SHOP WINDOW

**HOW TO BUY BY POST**

Write your name and address clearly, give exact description of goods required. Send money and notes by registered post. Always mention JOHN BULL'S Shop Window.

*These advertisers give Satisfaction—I guarantee it!*

**YOUR SAFEGUARD**

Do not hesitate to send for anything advertised here. Although the firm may be unknown to you, remember that JOHN BULL guarantees satisfaction to all who buy through his Shop Window.

## RADIUM POCKET LEVER

LUMINOUS DIAL.

Just as Right Day or Night—A superfine light-weight watch at a remarkably low price. Guaranteed lever, 30 hour movement, jewelled compensation balance, detachable cap. Proof against heat cold, damp, electricity. Send 1/- with order, then 5/- weekly (11/- in all), or Cash with Order, 10/- only.

(F.) HAND & CO., 24, New Oxford St., London, W.C.1.

## YOURS for 5/- Deposit

THE MIRACLE SUPER 2, 3, or 4, complete with all accessories, including Grand Model Loud Speaker as illustrated Yours for 5/- deposit nothing more to pay for a month. LISTS FREE.

EXCEPTIONAL RANGE AND POWER.

*Everything wireless on easy terms.*

WORLD'S WIRELESS STORES, WALLINGTON.

## TRIM YOUR OWN HAIR

SAVES TIME AND MONEY. FOR LADIES AND GENTS.

*Trims as it Combs*

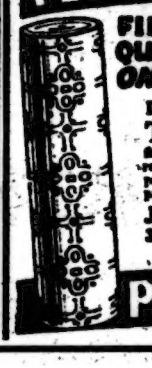
**2/-** Post Free.

Keeps Your Hair Short and Neat. Simple Adjustable Blade. A Child can use it.

**FREE** A Waving Comb will be given free to all sending for above.

J. B. COLE, 24, Buckingham St., W.C.2
(Trade enquiries invited)

## FLOOR COVERING



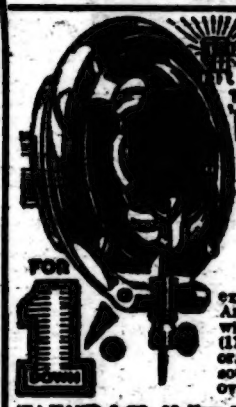
FIRST QUALITY ONLY **60** sq. ft. for **20/-** SAMPLES FREE

DAMP PROOF and ROT PROOF

THICKER than Lino. Specially suitable for cheap stone or wood floors. Lies flat without fastening. No nails or paste required. 60 sq. ft. for 20/-. Longer lengths pro rata. All rolls two yards wide. Many pretty patterns to choose from.

J.B. ANDREWS & SONS
30, Carter St., Walworth Road, London, S.E.17

PAROLEUM



TRY THE WONDERFUL 'LOUDSPEAKER' SOUNDBOX!!

On your Gramophone You can transform the cheapest, weakest instrument into a powerful yet purified and surprisingly sweet-toned Gramophone equal to the most expensive cabinet model. Amazing results. Send 1/- with order, then 2/- weekly (11/- in all), or Cash with order, 10/-. State whether sound-box fits in or over the tone-arm.

FOR 1/- DOWN

(F.) HAND & CO., 24, New Oxford St., London, W.C.1.

## Mead Value

Get more and better music for your money and buy a Mead Gramophone *direct from Factory*. Our easy credit terms (from 2/6 deposit) allow you to pay as you please. Choice of 15 different models. Pedestals from £5 12 6 cash; light Portables from 35/-. 10 DAYS' FREE TRIAL. Sent carriage paid anywhere in Great Britain. Write to-day for free illustrated catalogue.

**Mead**

LIMITED (Dept. G245) BIRMINGHAM.

## Earn Money at home like this

"About six months ago my wife read an advertisement which SHOWED HOW MONEY COULD BE EARNED with an Imperia Knitter. When she discovered that the makers GUARANTEED to buy, if requested, the work done on the machine, we realised that WE HAD 'STRUCK OIL.'

"So off went the coupon that night, and the full explanatory booklet which came by return was so straightforward and filled us with such enthusiasm to TURN OUR SPARE TIME INTO CASH that an Imperia Knitter was installed in the corner of the kitchen within seven days. The working instructions were so simple that after a few hours we had mastered the machine and actually produced a pair of socks! From that lucky night we have, thanks to the money-making power of the Imperia Knitter, steadily overtaken our debts, and to-day have a NICE LITTLE NEST-EGG IN THE BANK. We have not had to avail ourselves of the Imperia guarantee to purchase our products, as the excellent quality of its work has enabled us to develop our own local market."

YOU have often said: "If *only* I had a larger income!" Now you can make this ambition a reality. But make up your mind to take the first step *now*. Post the coupon below and let the FREE booklet you will receive by return show you the quick, safe, and interesting way to substantially and permanently add to your income by the magic aid of the Imperia Knitter.

**.....COUPON FOR FREE BOOK.....**

Post without delay. Write your full name and address plainly on a piece of notepaper, pin this Coupon to it, and address:

To THE IMPERIA HOSIERY MFG. CO., LTD. (Dept. J.B.4), 245, Tottenham Court Rd., London, W.1.

Please send me FREE and without obligation your ILLUSTRATED BOOK giving full particulars of the Imperia Knitter Home-Work Scheme and your Work-Buying Guarantee.

Beautiful Illustrated Book Free

Cut out and post this Coupon NOW!

## REAL FUR CHOKER TIES

Beautiful two-skin ties 8 inches long. Latest fashion model with real selected tails. Styles Real Marten, Sable, Russian Stone Marten. Superior skins selected by experts and skilfully mounted. Send 1/- with order, then 5/- weekly (15/- in all).

1/- DOWN

(F.) HAND & CO., 24, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1.

## FREE ENLARGEMENTS

PANEL SIZE 16×10

TO every reader purchasing a RICH BROWN SEPIA Life-size Enlargement (20×16) reproduced from any photo, holiday snap or group, etc., we will send absolutely FREE a Beautiful Bromide Enlargement (16×10) from same photo only. Send P.O. and stamped addressed envelope for return of original photo.

JOHN BULL guarantees this offer, so write NOW.

ONLY 2/- Post Free. Delivery 14 days.

FOR A FEW WEEKS ONLY.

REGENT SEPIA ART STUDIOS
32, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.1. (Dept. J.B.B.)

## THE HOLLYWOOD UKE-BANJO

*With free Self-Tutor and extra set of strings.*

In one hour you can play these haunting melodies on the Southern banjo. Superb instrument (7 in. solid silk nickel bezel and brass frets with real Jazz Band tone. Send 1/- with order, then 2/- weekly. (15/- in all).

(F.) HAND & CO., 24, New Oxford St., London, W.C.1.

1/- DOWN

## Dainticar

Worthy of the Occupant

**49/6**

AMAZING VALUE! Owing to the huge success of our Direct-from-Factory Sales policy we have made further drastic price reductions and are now offering better value than ever. Pram as illustrated. Other models to suit all purses, for cash or from 8/- monthly. Prompt Delivery. Carriage paid.

*Don't buy any pram until you have seen the Dainticar Catalogue. Sent Post Free.*

VICTORIA CYCLE & CARRIAGE CO. (Dept. P.35), 11, Victoria St., Westminster, S.W.1.

## UNO FIRELIGHTERS

Actual Size

NO PAPER REQUIRED.

1 Cube. 1 Match. 1 Fire. Odourless — Cheap — Clean — Handy.

Every cube burns 4 to 5 minutes.

**10d. for box of 50 Cubes**

Post Free 1/-, or 3 Boxes 2/6

Ask your Grocer or Oilshop, or direct from Dept. B.

Trade Inquiries Invited.

PORTLAND TRADING CORPORATION, 9, Little Portland Street, London, W.1.

## PAY AS YOU PLAY

ANY MUSICAL INSTRUMENT Supplied on First Deposit

Here is your "Golden Opportunity" to secure any musical instrument on EASY MONTHLY PAYMENTS. Concertinas, Banjos, Cornets and Portable Gramophones, Violins, Mandolins, Ukuleles, Saxophones, Jazz Outfits, etc. Write for Catalogue FREE. Irish and Foreign Orders. Cash only.

J. JAMES & CO., 6, Renton Street, Liverpool.

## WEST END SUITS for 76

Our 1929 Outfitters in smart Tweeds, Worsteds and Saxonys are better value than ever. These cloths have been chosen for their smart appearance and hard-wearing quality, and remember, perfect fitting is assured. SEND TO-DAY FOR FULL RANGE OF FREE PATTERNS IN ALL PRICES from 39/6. Use the simple self-measurement chart or call at our Oxford Street Showrooms and be fitted by our experts. Satisfaction guaranteed or money returned. Write now—Dept. A.

Wallingford's

71, OXFORD ST., LONDON, W.1.

## Have two Paydays a week!

Earn £'s in Your Spare Time

YOU need no experience to start making money straightaway, just as hundreds of both sexes are now doing—buying and selling Silk Stockings and Gent's Hose to friends. Over 12/- in the pound profit, and better value for customers impossible. There are thousands of pairs of silk stockings sold in your locality in a week. Why not share the profits? Let us show you how. Write for full particulars and Bargain Catalogue. No obligation.

HICKSON'S, Ltd. (Dept. 1), Broadway Chambers, London, W.6

ONE WEEK ONLY—SURPLUS STOCK

## 500 Complete BEDDING SETS 500

Cash or C.O.D:

1 pair Heavy White Bordered Blankets, whipped edges, double bed.
1 pair Heavy Twill Cotton Sheets, double bed.
1 pretty Alhambra Quilt, double bed, lovely colours.
1 fine White Bolster Case.
2 fine White Pillow Cases.
2 Turkish Hand Towels.

FREE GIFT Charming Ladies Wrist Bag with every outfit.

All for **20/-** Carr. Paid.

Cash or C.O.D. Money refunded if not satisfactory.

CASEMENT MFG. CO. (Dept. J.B.), ALLUM STREET MILLS, MANCHESTER.

**WANTED.**—Representatives, Agents, Travellers, Salesmen in every City, town and village, selling direct to the Public, Hotels, Boarding Houses, and Householders by personal call. Positions are offered with a large concern manufacturing an article of general utility nationally advertised. Remuneration is entirely by results on a generous commission basis.

No samples carried and no delivering to be done by representatives. The position offers wide scope to the right type of Salesmen or Women who are desirous of having congenial and interesting work and earning good and increasing income. Application in first instance by letter only, to Dept. 98, Home Specialities Co., Holborn Viaduct House, 12, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.1.

## EARN £3 A WEEK AT HOME

This is what Mrs. Baldock of Bedding, does. She says: "I am turning my spare time into money. I knit Socks, Stockings, Fingers and Woollens—overflowing with private orders—which bring me in from £3 to £5 weekly." Her experience and many others are detailed in our book, which explains our plan whereby WE PURCHASE YOUR ENTIRE OUTPUT OF HOSIERY at an agreed price for a period of Three Years.

FREE BOOK

Sent on request for 2d. stamp for postage. Send TO-DAY. No making money next week.

THE SOUTH BRITISH MFG. CO., LTD. (Dept. 63), 31, Portpool Road, London, E.C.1.

## FOR SMALL TRADERS, SHOPKEEPERS.

**MAKE MORE MONEY.**
Sell Tablecloths, Towels, Silk Stockings, Overalls, Men's Socks, Ties, etc. A 1,000 Bargains. The Oldest, Largest, Cheapest and Best Wholesale Firm. Write now for Catalogue and Guide. Cochrane's Warehouse, 2, Thomas St., Manchester.

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BY selling Drapery and Remnants, best quality, cheapest prices (no rubbish). List free.—Dept. B., Turner Street, Manchester (the firm).

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CHEAPEST Wholesale House for Beginners for Drapery, Hosiery, boots, etc. Write for free cat.—H. Marks, 65, Houndsditch, London, E.1.

DRAPERY remnants for money-making. Wholesale lists free.—R. Lonsdale & son, Dept. J.B., Textile Clearing House, Faulkner Street, Manchester.

FREE LIST to Dealers and Beginners for saleable lines in Hosiery, Drapery, Haberdashery, etc. (Wholesale only.)—Levy Bros., Dept. H., 39, Houndsditch, E.1.

CHEAPEST FIRM FOR HOSIERY, Overalls, Underwear, Drapery, Beginners, etc. Cat. free. Wholesale.—S. MOSCO (Dept. J.B.S.), Lever St., Piccadilly, Manchester.

SHOPKEEPERS, TRADERS, etc. Send for illustrated Catalogue of Fancy Goods, Easy lines to sell, safe lines to stock. Keen prices.—Nieso Co. (Dept. J.B.), 37, Barbican, London, E.C.1.

## AGENTS WANTED.

EARN £2 to £5 weekly. Run a bed-clothing Club amongst friends. No outlay. Parties, free.—Carlisle Mills Co., Dept. 11, Birstall, Leeds.

EARN £3 Weekly, plus Bonus.—Run Bed-clothing, Drapery and Fancy Clubs amongst friends. No outlay. Illustrated catalogue free.—Grove Mills Co. (Dept. M.), Birstall, nr. Leeds.

PROFITABLE GOODS TO SELL in your spare time; every kind, good profits. 160-page Catalogue free. MAY 1213, George St., Birmingham.

EXPERIENCED Agents to sell Boots, Clothing, etc., on credit, offered small wages and commission.—Write, MASTERS, LTD., Lye.

500 AGENTS wanted to sell a special line of confectionery. Unobtainable elsewhere. Send stamp for particulars.—J. Boss & Co., Westbourne Place, Hove.

## EMPLOYMENT.

MOTOR DRIVERS.—Special training for Private or Commercial Service. THE BRITISH SCHOOL OF MOTORING trains to the standard of the ROYAL AUTOMOBILE CLUB Official Certificate, which is the only standard of proficiency ACCEPTED BY EMPLOYERS. Employment Department licensed by the L.C.C.—CALL, or write for full particulars, BRITISH SCHOOL OF MOTORING, LTD., 5, COVENTRY ST., PICCADILLY CIRCUS, W.1. (Corner of Rupert Street, next Lyons' Corner House.)

KNITTERS wanted to Work GOLDEN FLEECE Knitting Machines at home; guaranteed wage for output, experience not necessary. Send 1d. stamp for prospectus.—G. B. M. CO., Dept. 199, 91, Clerkenwell Road, E.C.

KNITTERS wanted to work IMPERIA Knitting Machines at home; experience unnecessary. We guarantee to buy your work at good rates. —Write, IMPERIA Hosiery Mfg. Co., Ltd. (Dept. 62), 245, Tottenham Court Rd., London.

£150—£500 SALARY for Certificated Bookkeepers. Postal tuition 10s.-month. Post found when qualified, or fee refd. Booklet, tests, free. —City Correspondence College (D.9), 89, New Oxford Street, London.

MEN, 19-35, wanted for Australian farms. Guaranteed employment. Advanced passages. Call or write, O/S Dept., Church Army, 55, Bryanston Street, W.1.

WHY REMAIN UNEMPLOYED? Single men (19-35) may secure FREE: Training, Railway and Ocean Passage, Farm work in Canada.—Apply, Branch Manager, Salvation Army Migration Dept., 3, Upper Thames Street, London, E.C.4.

BUY LADIES' SILK STOCKINGS to sell again to friends, etc. Over 12/- in the £ profit. No order too small. Catalogue Free.—NICKSON'S, Manufrs., Dept. 1, Broadway Chambers, London, W.6.

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(60) BOYS of good education between 15½ and 17 years of age required for training as clerks for the Royal Air Force. Thorough training given. Prospects and pay good. Examinations held in London and provincial centres. Boys possessing recognised School Certificates entered direct without examination. Full particulars from Royal Air Force (Apprentice Clerks' Dept., J.B.), Gwydr House, Whitehall, London, S.W.1.

BECOME an Hotel Bookkeeper, Government Inspector, or Woolwork Teacher. Prospectus Free. Write, Chambers College, 355, High Holborn, W.C.1.

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START a Business in Drapery, etc., from £1 upwards. Special attention to Widows and Beginners. Write for advice and list H. to evening (Dept. J.B.), 143, Houndsditch, E.1.

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## BARGAIN SALES.

THERE'S MONEY TO BE MADE by every small trader who keeps his eye on the thousands of amazing bargains in "THE EXCHANGE & MART" 2d. every Thursday! Specimen free from J. B. Burt, 4, Greville Street, E.C.1.

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WALLPAPERS from mills from 2½d. roll. New Designs. Patterns post free. — Osborne Mills (Dept. 5), Rochdale Road, Manchester.

CHINA from Works. Home Outfits, 32/6. Badged Ware, etc. Keenest prices. Clubs, Bates, Schools, Bazaars, Merchants. Cat. free. Salts, guarant'd, Liverpool Pottery, 34, Burslem, Staffs.

WOOLS.—Enormous sale reductions. Knitting, Hand, Machine, 12 oz., Bug 10½d., 1/-, 1/6 lb. Rug Guide, 600 Samples, Free.—Border Wools, 160, New Bridge, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

READERS' attention is drawn to the DISPLAYED SALES advt. on page 14, and the unique offer made by this Company. Write for full particulars and be sure to mention *John Bull*.

READERS' attention is drawn to the unique offer made by the MIDLAND FURNISHING CO. on page 23. Write for free booklet to-day and mention *John Bull*.

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TEA.—Buy direct, save middlemen's profit. Indian and Ceylon Specially blended, 4 lb. 6/6, 10 lb. 15/-. Carr. paid. TEA DUST, 7 lb. 7/-, 10 lb. 9/6. Poulter & Co., Dane Place, Bow, E.3.

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RUG WOOL THRUMS, mixed colours, 1/6 lb. Illustrated instructions and samples free.—Stoddart, Dept. B., Empire Works, Halifax.

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BABY'S SUPERIOR 85-piece Layette, 29/6. Best materials. Unequalled Bargain. Mat. Coats, Shawls, Robes, Gowns, Nighties, Vests, Flannels, Barras, Towels, Napkins. Purchase from a Mother, 14 years' experience. Send 2/- for pcl.; appro. Cash or Terms.—Mrs. J. Howard, 66, Dover Road, Portsmouth.

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**Fullotones are made up to a standard and not down to a price. We set out to put within the reach of those with small means really high-grade instruments capable of enormous volume with a wide musical range that would interpret both ordinary and electrically recorded music with a pure definition and natural tone. We have achieved these ideals; we offer genuine all-British Fullotones that are about half the price of others of high quality, and if we are challenged on the point of achievement we would direct "doubtful Thomases" to the unsolicited testimonials of proud owners—not just one or two, but hundreds. There is no secret about our extraordinarily low prices; we are content with a small profit, and we save every buyer the big slices usually taken by the retailers, wholesalers and jobbers, by selling direct from the factory. Share in this co-operative scheme. First get our big illustrated catalogue.**

*T. J. T., Cumberland St., Cumberland, 28th Jan., 1929:*
*Re Model 8. "Many of my friends have heard it, say that it is much better than their which cost many pounds more from other firms."*

*T.C., Coronation St., Monmouth, 28th Dec., 1928:*
*Re Model 9. "I am satisfied, after a very long test of various records, that it would indeed be hard to find a machine at any price to beat or even equal it."*

*E. T., Princes St., Rochester, 4th Feb., 1929:*
*"The Fullotone No. 19 received to-day in perfect condition, and a masterpiece at the price."*

*T. S., Eighth Ave., Co. Durham, 29th Jan., 1929:*
*"Your methods of dealing and speedy delivery deserve the highest praise. The instrument is first-class value."*

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RUBBER STAMPS and DATERS. Quickest delivery, lowest prices. Lists free.—WAUNSTON TRADING CO., MORRISTON, SWANSEA.

PICTURES, Mouldings, Mirrors, Glass for Picture Framing; mouldings mitred ready for joining. List 5d.—Watkins, Provider, Newport, Mon.

WALLPAPERS from 2½d. roll. Send for big 1929 pattern book free.—Non-Combine Co., Dept. 5, 211, North Street, Leeds.

PLANTOLEUM SUPER FLOOR COVERING. Latest Artistic Designs. 2/- sq. yd. Carriage Paid Gt. Britain. Send for free patterns.—PLANT'S LINO WAREHOUSE, 26, Central Road, Leeds.

THERE are several Wireless offers appearing in this issue. Free particulars are offered by BOWYER-LOWE on page 18, AEDONIC RADIO on page 28, and NATIONAL PORTABLE on page 13.

BABY'S 90-PIECE G'rnt'd Layette, 30/-. Shawls, Robes, Plans., Woollies, Coats, Vests, Naps. Send 2/- for pcl. Appro. Cash or terms. Purchase from first estbd. Maker.—Mrs. B. Barker, 31a, Brougham Road, Southsea.

BABY'S BEAUTIFUL LAYETTE, 30/-, 85 home-made pieces. Contains everything from Chris. Robe to Napkins. A purchaser writes:—"Your Layettes are too cheap at 30/-; they are worth £3." Similar letters received daily. Post 2/- now for this incomparable bargain on approval. (Cash or instalments.)—Mrs. D. Munston, 97, Lake Road, Portsmouth.

REAL HARRIS TWEED, handmade, 6/- yard. Patterns free.—Mrs. C. Morrison (Dept. J.B.), Leverburgh, Harris, N.B.

## MUSICAL.

GRAMOPHONES, 24/-; motors, 9/-; accessories. Violins, Accordions, cheapest. 64-page list, 3d. How to make Gramos.—Regentbull, 120, Old Street, London, E.C.1.

VIOLINS, Drummers' Outfits, Saxophones, Ukuleles, Trumpets, Gramophones, etc., from 6/- deposit, 2/6 weekly. Lists free.—Palmers, 135, Linthorpe Road, Middlesbrough.

GRAMOPHONES, BUILD OWN £40 MODEL FOR 40/-. Instructions, 3d. List of Parts Free.—J.B.G., 185, High St., Deptford, London.

SAXOPHONES, Piano-Accordeons, Banjos, Jazz Sets, Gramos., supplied on first payments. State requirements. Hesseys, 20, Manchester St., L'pool.

## LIVESTOCK, POULTRY, ETC.

SPECIAL OFFER. — Talking Parrots with Cages from 30/-. Singing Canaries, 15/-. 3 months' trial.—List fr. Chapmans, 17, Tottenham Court Road, London.

FREE COLOURED PLATE given with to-morrow's "POULTRY WORLD." Are you taking part in the Government-aided egg boom? Big profits await you! Start with the "Poultry World," 2d. all newsagents; specimen free from J. B. Burt, 4, Greville Street, E.C.1.

"CAGE BIRDS" Magnificent Crystal Palace Show Number to-morrow. Fullest report by world's leading bird experts. Lovely coloured plate of Canaries; cash prizes; extra pages 4d. (5d. from J. B. Burt, 4, Greville Street, E.C.1.

## GARDENING.

DOBBIE'S 1929 Catalogue and Gardening Guide, 160 pages, 240 illustrations, free to all readers if this paper is mentioned.—DOBBIE & CO., LTD., The King's Seedsmen, EDINBURGH.

CURTIS'S SEEDS SUCCEED.
As CURTIS'S 9-Star Perennial Broccoli, the wonder vegetable known all over the world—once planted produces many heads for years—Feed 1/- and 2/6 packet. Plants 2/6 doz., 18/6 100, carr. paid, has taken the gardening world by storm; so have CURTIS'S Vegetable Seeds & CURTIS'S SCOTCH Seed Potatoes. Duke of York, Sharpe's Express, Herald, 2/9 14 lb., 9/6 56 lb., 16/- cwt. Great Scot, King Edwards, Majestic, 2/- 14 lb., 6/6 56 lb., 13/- cwt. Sacks free. Shallots 8d. lb. Onion Sets, 1/3 lb. Potato Onions, 1/3 lb. 7 lb. carr. paid. Onion, Lettuce and Cabbage Plants, 2/- 100, carr. free. 44 page Coloured Catalogue, which gives the different names of potatoes that are identical and often sold under different names, with hundreds of bargains, post free from Charles Lewin Curtis, Brooklands Nurseries, Chatteris, Cambridgeshire.

## MEDICAL, CURATIVE.

WORMS CURED.—Aztec Brand Worm Tablets are a Specialist's positive and permanent cure. They cure most violent cases by calmly destroying the very cause of the worm's existence. No fasting, no dieting, no interference with daily habits. Send 1/6 for generous supply or 1½d. stamp for Free Pamphlet.—Eldyard Tablet Co., 34-38, Codnor, Derby.

LIFE'S GREAT HANDICAP—ILL-HEALTH. Try ENERGOT. YOU LOSE STOMACH Trouble, Worry, Nerves, Constipation, Rheumatism, Insomnia. GAIN a perfect brain in a perfect body. Money back if they fail. Month's course, 1/6.—Energot, 12, Bessborough Gardens, S.W.1.

DON'T WEAR A TRUSS! Use Brooks Rupture Appliance. New discovery. Wonderful! No lumpy pads, no springs, durable, cheap. Binds and draws parts to other quickly. Sent on Trial. Catalogue free.—Address, Brooks Appliance Co., Ltd. (368D), 80, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.

"I SUFFERED 25 years Bladder Weakness and Kidney Trouble—am now cured," says taker of PARKER'S FLUID REMEDY. 3 at Boots', Taylor's, etc., or from Parker's Remedy, Ltd., 45, Beshaw St., Liverpool. Sample 4d.

HOW TO STOP SMOKING.—Genuine remedy proved by testimonials.—Write, The Stanley Institute (J.B.), 21, Warwick Lane, E.C.4.

NERVOUSNESS. A remarkable book on genuine cure of self-consciousness, Blushing, Depression, Weak Nerves, Insomnia, Morbid Fears, etc. Recommended by Editor of "Health & Strength," sent privately for 3d. only.—Henry Rivers, J.B., 49, 40, Lamb's Conduit Street, W.C.1.

HAY-FEVER.—Vapo Cresolene promptly relieves all breathing troubles and chest complaints.—Write for Free Booklet No. 64 to Allen and Hanbury's, Ltd., London, E.C.3.

A FREE sample and booklet for bad legs is offered in the NEW ERA 30/1, on page 32.

BALDNESS.—I cured myself and can cure you. Large Trial outfit, 3d.—Douglas Dew, "KWIK," 79, Victoria Ho., Victoria Rd., S.E.18.

## WANTED TO PURCHASE.

BEST prices paid for Jewellery, Diamonds, Platinum, Gold, Silver, Scrap, Antiques, Dental Plates (not Vulcanite), Valuable Property, etc. Nothing too large nor too small. Cash per return.—Bentley & Co., 333, Oxford Street, London.

ANY kind old gold, silver, jewellery, diamonds, old false teeth, platinum scrap, bought. Highest cash by return.—Bell's, Upperland Road, Leeds.

## FOR MOTORISTS.

GOOD used Tyres from £1 each, C.O.D., approval. New Tyres for cash, payments. Repairs, starting at 4s. London Car Co., 52, Tavistock Rd., W.C.1.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

64-PAGE BOOK about Herbs and how to use them, 2d. Send for one.—TRIMNELL, The Herbalist, 144, Richmond Rd., Cardiff. Est. 1879.

"IS MY FIANCE PURE?" Every couple should read this revealing article by T. Bowen Partington in "HEALTH & STRENGTH." 5d. at all newsagents; 4d. from J. B. Burt, 4, Greville Street, E.C.1.

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ASK "THE BAZAAR" whether your old pictures, books, ornaments, furniture, etc., have special value. Remarkable FREE service.—Write, J. B. Burt, 4, Greville Street, London, E.C.1, or see this week's "BAZAAR," 6d. all newsagents.

FREE SAMPLE SET of Calvert's preparations, Tooth Powder, Toilet Soap and Shampoo Soap will be sent to readers enclosing 3d. in stamps to F. C. Calvert & Co., Dept. "E," Manchester. See page 29.

FILL in the free coupon on page 33 for the wonderful booklet offered by the Educational Book Co., Ltd.

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**"JOHN BULL'S" SHOP WINDOW?**
It's packed with bargain offers, and *John Bull* guarantees that every article is as described. Thousands of bargain hunters may be looking into *John Bull's* Shop Window now, but you, too, can view the display without fuss or trouble, without being jostled, for your eyes can "take" you there, if you merely turn to page 4. Study every offer carefully, note the remarkable value and easy terms, making certain to read the advertisements of Messrs. Hand & Co., the well-known post order firm, who send their goods for 1/- down.

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# *Expensive Air—Singular Pluralists*

## *Bridges, the Gulf—Froth v. Guinness*

### *Football Burst*

WE don't like Sir Samuel Hoare's move in committing Parliament to pay a subsidy up to £100,000 over ten years to the new National Flying Services, Ltd.

* * *

His connivance at the action of Colonel J. A. Edwards, who filled the dual role of prospective managing director of the company and one of the negotiators for the Air Ministry, is as strange.

* * *

If commercial flying is to get anywhere it must learn to fly alone. Germany, the most subsidised nation in this respect, killed more passengers last year than the whole British Empire, including the Royal Air Force, put together.

What it gained in mileage it lost in public confidence.

### *A Good Riddance*

The serious split inside the Federation of British Industries which we announced weeks ago is reaching a crisis.

* * *

The quarrel concerns participation in the Mond-Turner Industrial Conference, which is working for closer co-operation between Capital and Labour.

* * *

A section of the F.B.I., headed by the Engineers' Association, is working to kill further meetings of the conference. They threaten to resign from the Federation if further countenance is given to the conference.

Let them resign.

### *Those Directorships*

Some of the Bank of England directors must be busy men. Nearly all of them have other directorships.

* * *

Mr. G. M. Booth, for example, scores ten, including six chairmanships! Messrs. A. Shaw and W. K. Whigham have ten and nine little perquisites respectively.

* * *

No doubt the Governor needs colleagues in close touch with industry, but it is quite obvious from the latest increase of the Bank Rate that these gentlemen have failed to press the needs of industry satisfactorily at Threadneedle Street.

### *Writer's Cramp?*

On the subject of His Majesty's illness and recovery the poets have, so far, been discreetly silent. From the Poet Laureate not a line about this or any other national matter has come for many years past.

* * *

Dr. Robert Bridges is, of course, a old man. But there should be age-limit for laureates as there is for admirals and generals, or they should retire, as even an archbishop has done, when they feel that their work is getting beyond them.

Why shouldn't the Poet Laureate write a little poetry besides lecturing about it for the B.B.C.?

### *The Old Familiar Faces*

Sir Esmé Howard, British Ambassador to the United States, will very shortly come home.

*Sir Esme*

Sir Esmé is a professional diplomatist of the best type, but it is to be doubted whether a diplomatic training is adequate for this important office.

There will be quite a lot of appointments filled between now and the General Election.

We can depend that the next best thing to a Conservative Government will be held to be a public service with Conservative-minded gentlemen in high places!

### *Eyewash*

This week the President of the Board of Trade will introduce a Bill to consolidate Company Law.

By the custom of the House, consolidation Bills are not debated and must contain no new matter. What a pity! The Prime Minister, who made a speech about the evils of multiple directorships just too late for the Companies Act of 1928, will not be able to put his ideas into the new Bill either!

Between political eyewash and performance there is a great gulf.

### *Open Secrecy*

"The secrecy of the ballot," says the benevolent "Jix," "is so well known that I see no reason for notices to be put up in post-offices making it clear that the ballot is absolutely secret."

What about the number on the ballot paper and the relative number in the electoral registers?

A scrutiny by a judge and his staff is the only practicable method of linking the two together, but the link is there.

### *Stout and Bitter*

Conservatives in the House will never forgive Lady Astor for her offensive remark to Mr. Walter Guinness, the Minister of Agriculture.

When the latter was being questioned about milk, this noblewoman asked him why he could not advertise milk as assiduously as he advertised his stout.

That is the sort of thing that is not done in the House of Commons by members of any Party.

Mr. Guinness is a sportsman and a gentleman—and there is as much virtue in honest stout as in the vapourings of titled teetotallers.

### *Nothing Doing*

We did not share the Press excitement when de Valera was lodged in Belfast Jail for ignoring the order excluding him from Northern Ireland.

* * *

Of course, nothing happened. There was no disturbance, for the stock of this mischief-maker has fallen very low.

### *Watch Out!*

Next week John Bull has a fresh surprise for readers—a novel Crossword Contest, different from and better than any you have seen previously.

Meanwhile, have you made sure of a John Bull free camera, and one for your friend into the bargain?

### *Why this Delay?*

The Government has appointed Mr. Butler Aspinall, K.C., to conduct the enquiry in this country into the loss of the *Vestris*, but the proceedings are being shockingly delayed.

*Mr. Butler Aspinall, K.C.*

Does the American evidence really take so long to collect?

The President of the Board of Trade should speed things up in the interests of all concerned. He should also make some arrangements for bearing the costs of legal representation for the officers who were so stigmatised in the curiously un-British proceedings of the court of enquiry in America.

### *Murder is so Simple*

The murder of a man and the wounding of a woman at Buxton, by a homicidal maniac who committed suicide, was made possible by the fact that the murderer possessed a revolver.

There are thousands of these weapons in the possession of men who have no business with them.

The Firearms Act is a farce, for any citizen can obtain a permit to buy an automatic pistol by the flimsiest excuses.

This scandal must end. We shall return to the subject shortly.

### *Money In It*

The Jockey Club's friendly tilt at Mr. Edgar Wallace will have served one good purpose if it sweeps away the rule under which all nominations by an owner become null and void in the event of his death.

The rule as it stands depreciates the value of a good horse, which is prevented from winning a classic race.

* * *

It must not be forgotten that the stud fee of a well-bred Derby winner is from three to four hundred guineas!

### *Purging Football*

The cat is now out of the bag. The case of Sir Henry Norris *v.* The Football Association has exposed to public view, if not all, at least some of the subterfuges which professional clubs employ to get the players they want.

* * *

The statement that nearly all the big clubs in the country are tarred with the same brush may have been too sweeping, but it was not contradicted in Court. That is a serious state of affairs.

* * *

Clubs may own direct allegiance to the Football League, but it is the Football Association that calls the tune. And the Football Association must put its house in order.

### *Kingly Democracy*

King Alfonso has appeared in an American talking film. His Majesty is described in the captions, for the benefit of British audiences, as "the world's most popular and democratic monarch."

Alfonso is a good fellow, and democratic up to a point, but the most popular and democratic monarch in the world is King George V., and these American film merchants would have lost no dignity in admitting that fact.

### *A Real Portent*

The by-election results need not be taken too seriously as an indication of what will happen when Mr. Baldwin "goes to the country." Far fewer people take the trouble to vote than at a general election.

Also, the bookmakers, who have lately supported Labour, may be promised a repeal of the Bets Tax. But watch events at Holland-with-Boston! The way the agricultural vote goes there will be significant.

# IF YOU SEE IT—(Continued)

## Gad-about Grabbers

Ulster is still the happy hunting ground for those unscrupulous moneylenders whose activities in Great Britain were curtailed by the Moneylenders Act.

*Lord Craigavon*

During the past few weeks some half-dozen of these sharks have arrived in Belfast from the North of England. Others are likely to join them.

Viscount Craigavon, the Premier, and members of the Ulster Cabinet must introduce drastic legislation to suppress these pests.

They will remember that it was that great Ulsterman, Lord Carson, who was mainly responsible for their being cleared out of England.

## God Help Us!

There are a million and a half unemployed. There is famine in Wales. Our hospitals are begging for pennies . . . and we have just seen a picture in a daily newspaper depicting an English mastiff receiving sunray treatment in preparation for Cruft's Dog Show!

It's hard to know whether to laugh or cry.

## Why Farmers Fume

People are still asking why British agriculture is so backward. Here is one reason.

The tenant of Lammermuir Farm, Scotland, had a twenty-five-year lease. The rent was £760. There were 1,000 acres, of which only 150 were arable, the rest bog. There were no roads or drains.

When the lease expired, the enterprising farmer, by his own industry, had converted another 500 acres into arable land.

He had constructed a mile and a half of roads, built nine cottages, a barn and a mill, and had carried out other developments at his own expense.

And his reward was that his rent was increased by £510!

## A Word to Magistrates

Magistrates must be more cautious in convicting on the uncorroborated evidence of a single police-officer. When it is a question of oath against oath, the benefit of the doubt should, in most cases, be given the prisoner.

At Bexhill the other day a young Territorial with a clean record and a good character was sentenced to hard labour on a certain charge.

The only evidence was that of the detective who had arrested him. Not one of the women who were supposed to have been annoyed came forward.

The man strenuously pleaded his innocence, and, in the absence of any corroboration for the prosecution, the case should have been dismissed.

## Frère, Mutineer

Dr. Frère, the Anglo-Catholic Bishop of Truro, and the only monk among Anglican prelates, has issued a Lenten Pastoral authorising his clergy to use the revised Prayer-book.

Parliament rejected this Book, and so Dr. Frère openly defies Parliament's authority. His action may revive the bitter quarrel in the Church.

Since the Archbishop of Canterbury lies ill with pleurisy and this week's meeting of all the bishops at Lambeth did not take place, Dr. Frère has escaped facing his brother prelates.

The misery of the unemployed should surely keep Dr. Frère busy in his high calling.

## Merrie England

Residents in the Hampstead Heath and Parliament Hill districts were thrown into confusion by the failure of the electric light supply.

When they "knocked up" shopkeepers to obtain supplies of candles, they were informed that it was against regulations to sell them after hours.

Let there be light!—In Westminster as well as Hampstead!

## At It Again

Undesirable massage establishments are cropping up again in the West End. They do not advertise, of course, but clients are not lacking.

It was largely through the revelations in JOHN BULL a few years ago that the authorities took vigorous action in this scandal. Evidence is again not lacking.

## A Football Secret

There is serious dissension in the players' room of the Everton football team at Goodison Park.

It is the result of the policy by which other players have been subservient to Dixie Dean, the England centre-forward and a fine sportsman, and have had to work with the one end of putting him in a position to score.

It worked until Dixie found that he could not score and Everton had a blank sheet week after week.

The players became "fed up," and if Everton does not speedily recapture lost ground it will find itself in the danger zone.

## A Tale of Two Sergeants

After twenty-five years of honourable service, Sergeant Henry Brunt, of the Newark police, was found drinking beer in the local Territorial Club while on duty.

He was brought before the local Bench on a civil charge of drinking on licensed premises after hours and was fined £5. Now he has lost position, pay and pension.

The sergeant, who is a great social worker, stated that he went to the club for a supply of whist drive tickets and quite innocently accepted the steward's friendly offer of a little refreshment.

What an ironic contrast with the Goddard case!

## Something for Nothing

When a Luton man was offered a 12s.-a-week house at Gillingham, the agent, a Mr. F. J. Sams, of High Street, Gillingham, insisted on his paying £10 as consideration for his entering the premises on a weekly tenancy.

He paid £7, but, being unable to raise the other £3, was given notice to quit, although he had never actually been in possession of the house!

We trust that the estate agents' own organisation will immediately investigate this scandalous conduct. Many unscrupulous agents make small fortunes out of "key money."

## Jack but not Jolly

The sailor's life is not all beer and skittles, and the briny breezes do not ensure good health to all men in the Navy.

Last year there were 1,242 men invalided out, and of these only 402 were awarded disability pensions.

The pensions to these men were small enough, in all conscience, but what about those who received nothing? Mr. Bridgeman must be made to give an explanation.

## Got Them

Only recently we exposed the dastardly adventures of a crooked gentleman named Maurice Balke, who, masquerading as a parson, and as a medical student, was carrying on a very profitable career with worthless cheques.

He has now been apprehended, and with his partner in crime, Philip Eveleigh, has been sentenced at Bow Street to a year's hard labour.

Another timely exposure.

## The Royalties Scandal

Although the miners are starving, royalty owners are still enjoying princely incomes.

In the years 1924, 1925, 1927, and 1928 the total amount of royalties and wayleave rents on coal raised in Great Britain was close on £24,000,000

In Durham, where so many miners live in hovels which shocked the Prince of Wales into indignant protest, royalties paid on coal in those four years amounted to £3,425,000.

How much have the royalty landlords subscribed to the Lord Mayor's Fund?

## A Traveller to Trap

Not long ago a traveller called upon a Grimsby tradesman and suggested that he should become agent for the "Cleansit Metal Polishes," manufactured by L. M. Mason and Co., of Lansdowne Road, London.

On the strength of promises of an advertising campaign, the shopkeeper bought a small stock of the polish for which he was given a receipt.

Weeks passed, but there was no advertising done, and no samples distributed.

We are unable to trace any such business in any of the three Lansdowne Roads in London, and shopkeepers generally should be on their guard.

## The Family's Friend

Money will not assuage the grief of a stricken home, but it serves to relieve the heavy expenses which death brings in its train.

*Mrs. Douglas*

Only last week JOHN BULL paid £250 to each of two registered readers. One claim was in respect of Mrs. Douglas, of Raywell Street, Hull, who fell and was killed while cleaning an upstairs window. The other was in respect of Mrs. F. Fithyan, of Payne's Road, Freemantle, who died in hospital after her clothes had caught fire.

Those who have not registered will find the necessary form on page 2.

## A Birth in a Bakery

The Winchester City Council has little reason to be proud of its treatment of Henry Balding, an ex-soldier who has been driven to desperate straits by heartless officialdom.

Ejected from a condemned army hut, part of the tragic family is now existing in a squalid, evil-smelling hovel that was once a bakery, and here the man's wife is preparing to bring into the world her tenth child! Several of her children are in the workhouse.

The Council has refused to have Balding as a tenant in one of its seven or eight hundred houses on the grounds that he is a nuisance. That he may be, but he is also a human being, and he was a fit tenant for the trenches.

## Who Wouldn't?

We are all for the Channel Tunnel, but the opinion of prominent hotel-keepers, boarding-house keepers and tradesmen of south-coast resorts could be interesting.

Candidates for these constituencies will be wise not to include support of the scheme in their election addresses.

For who is going to remain to be bothered with 10 o'clock closing, dreary Sundays and innumerable petty restrictions if half an hour's train journey is going to secure release from all these results of grandmotherly legislation?

## Shabby

The Bishop of Plymouth, as vicar of Stoke Damerel, Devonport, has banned the children of the Devonport Poor Law Institution from his Sunday-school.

*The Bishop of Plymouth*

He told the Guardians that they were a nuisance to other pupils; that they arrived late, chewed sweets, and otherwise disturbed the lessons.

Is this the real reason, or is there something in the suggestion that the Bishop's snobbish action is due to parents complaining of their children having to associate with "workhouse children"?

## Quite a Change

The Rover Motor Works, Coventry, recently advertised for two car-washers.

A few days later, in the same column of the same newspaper, appeared another advertisement from the same company, thanking those who had applied for the vacancies, announcing that they had been filled, and adding that the names of those unsuccessful would receive due consideration.

A little courtesy goes a long way.

## Child Adoption

Our scathing denunciation of the curious methods of certain child adoption societies created a widespread sensation, even in the committee-room of the National Children Adoption Association, of which the Countess of Athlone is president.

This splendid movement was not, of course, in any way involved in our censure; in fact, it shares our protest at the abuses of child adoption.

## Traders' Secret Service

There is every need for great vigilance in the textile trades if fraud is to be stamped out.

We are glad to see that the enquiry bureau of the Textile Trades Association has not been idle in this respect, and has accumulated information regarding thousands of firms.

Last year, for instance, the bureau investigated 688 cases of a suspicious character, and in sixty-five of them found that business was being carried on fraudulently!

* * *

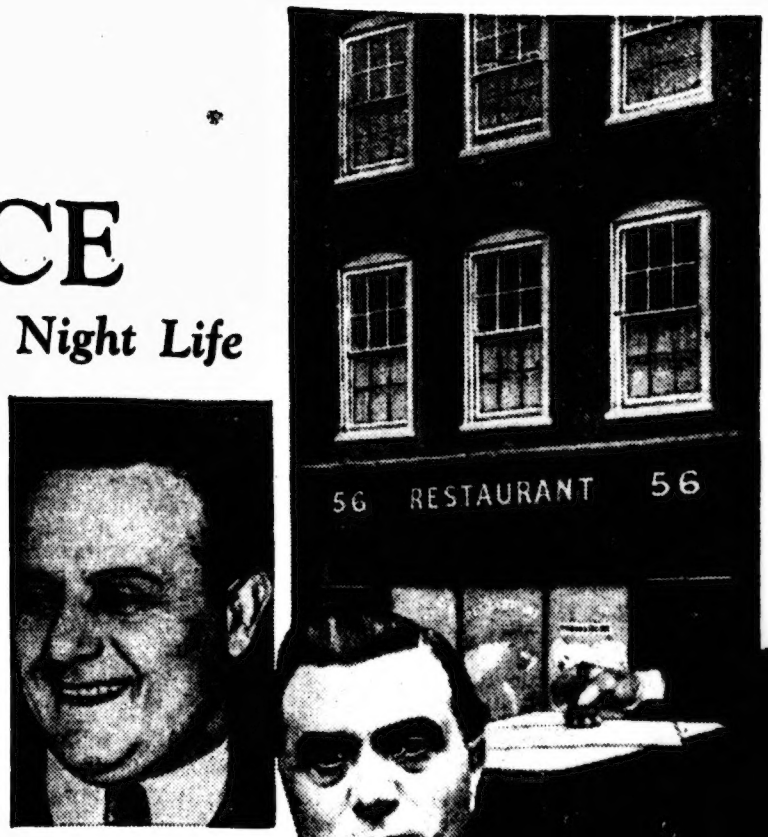
**Do not forget that "John Bull's" regular day of sale is Thursday not Wednesday.**

# THE ALIEN MENACE

## of London's Night Life

by MAJOR-GENERAL SIR WYNDHAM CHILDS, K.C.M.G., K.B.E., C.B.

*Chief of the "John Bull" Investigation Department*




*The notorious "Fifty-six" restaurant, the alien proprietress of which fled to the Continent.*



*Victor Perosino, another deported alien, who ran the 'Chez Victor" Club*

*Enrico Capitolo, a twice deported foreigner*

*Sir Wyndham Childs at his desk*

NEITHER I nor the Criminal Investigation Department, which I controlled at Scotland Yard, was ever charged with the duty of supervising night clubs.

In consequence, I have no practical experience of that work; but I have studied the question deeply. Exhaustive enquiries have in the past been conducted by my JOHN BULL investigation staff, and I have formed very definite ideas about the problem that has recently sprung into such startling public prominence.

Shady night clubs strike a damaging blow at a great national institution—the club life of England.

Legally, they enjoy equal club status with, say, the Carlton or White's.

With five shillings and twenty-five members, any doubtful character may to-day launch a fully privileged club.

Social clubs, political clubs, working men's clubs and ex-Service men's clubs are all admirable and essential amenities. With barely any exceptions, they are perfectly conducted and are a boon to thousands.

Therefore, for the purposes of this article, the reader must infer that when I say "night clubs" I mean those establishments that are run solely for personal profit or gain.

Further, it is essential that such clubs should be considered in two categories: those run by British citizens, and those run by aliens.

In the case of a British-controlled establishment, the law provides that if a justice of the peace is satisfied that it is being conducted irregularly he may grant a search-warrant.

Such a warrant authorises the police to enter the club, even if need be, by force; to inspect the premises, take the names and addresses of those persons found therein, and to seize any books and papers relating to the business affairs of the club. So far, so good.

Now a club may be struck off the register if among other reasons it is ***habitually*** used for any unlawful purpose; if there is ***frequent*** drunkenness on the premises, or if persons who are not members are ***habitually*** admitted merely for the purpose of obtaining intoxicating liquor.

The same law applies if persons are ***habitually*** admitted as members during the proper interval of at least forty-eight hours between their nomination and election.

And there is, as I shall later show, a distinct significance attaching to the word "habitual."

## Disagreeable duties

LET us take a case in which the irregularity committed by the club consists in habitually admitting non-members and serving drinks to them.

It is, in this connection, necessary for the police to obtain evidence proving that habitual admission has actually taken place. If a raid is successful, if persons are discovered irregularly drinking, how far does that take the issue?

The law requires that there shall be proof of habitual admission, and it is obvious that something else besides a raid is necessary.

That something consists in police officers themselves having to break the law by gaining admission to clubs as non-members and irregularly purchasing intoxicating refreshments.

Such policemen are forced to act as *agents provocateurs*, the most distasteful duty they can be required to undertake.

It is a peculiar, if not sinister, fact that irregularities in connection with night clubs are almost always associated with aliens, although Mrs. Merrick was a notorious exception.

In the case of alien-controlled clubs the conditions of the law remain the same, but the powers of State differ considerably.

A chief officer of police may, if authorised by the Secretary of State, direct that premises used as a club and which are being or have recently been frequented by aliens may be closed down altogether if, in his opinion, the premises are, among other things, being conducted in a disorderly manner.

The same officer may authorise a constable to enter the club, by force if necessary, and to search or occupy the premises.

## The alien menace

AGAIN, the Secretary of State may make a deportation order against any alien, if such action is "conducive to the public good," and may apply the alien's property or money towards the expenses of deportation.

In other words, he must behave himself as a citizen, and, although an alien may be clever enough to keep outside the law so far as committing an actual offence is concerned, the power of State is clear.

My belief that aliens are at the root of almost all the night-club trouble is confirmed by cases which have been brought to my notice by my staff of the JOHN BULL Investigation Department.

There was, for example, the case of Enrico Capitolo, an Italian who came to London as a waiter and blossomed out as a "club" proprietor in Short's Gardens.

The privileges of his five-shilling registration fee were flagrantly abused. There was illicit drinking, and the place was frequented by doubtful characters.

Eventually Capitolo was deported. But by some means he got back. It was only after his second deportation that he was permanently kept out!

An alien, too, was behind the disreputable Umberto Restaurant in Gerrard Street, Soho, which was raided only after it had had a long run. The man who ran it fled the country just in time to evade arrest.

There were two foreigners named Cavalli, whose club, supposedly run for sportsmen, was a haunt of undesirables.

There was a quarrel one night; a man named Balada was murdered, but this did not end the shady club's career.

In Ham Yard there was a club run by a Frenchman; it was raided, only to be sold to another alien.

Perhaps worst of all was the notorious "Fifty-six" restaurant run by an alien woman named Gadda, who disappeared the moment she realised that the police were on her track.

And so I could go on. The JOHN BULL files are full of glaring examples of how alien influence has poisoned the West End night life.

I may be wrong, but it is my sincere belief that if the alien is prevented from being associated with clubs and night clubs irregularities will cease, because I am convinced that it is foreign to the nature of the British subject to break the law, no matter how futile and irritating certain sections of it may appear to him to be.

The question of deportations, however, is not so simple as it may seem. It must first be remembered that the deportation of an alien can only be effected with the consent of the nation of which the alien is a citizen.

Secondly, there are "reprisals" to be thought of. That is to say that if this country commenced an active campaign of deportation, the country concerned might reply by similar action, and Britishers abroad, even though perfectly law-abiding, might be deprived of their livelihoods.

Again, it is often difficult to establish the nationality of an alien.

## Liberty for John Citizen

ALL these matters must be thought of, but this country would applaud and trust the Secretary of State if he embarked upon a discreetly vigorous policy of deportation.

I would go further and suggest that when the alien has been eliminated, the law should be amended to give greater freedom to, and impose less restrictions on, the British subject who desires to indulge in amusements and recreations which are in themselves perfectly innocuous.

For instance, clubs should then be given greater liberty with regard to the extension of hours during which intoxicating liquor may be sold on special occasions.

It is better that John Citizen should have the opportunity of indulging in a "night out" in accordance with law when he wants to than that he should pay £3 for a bottle of indifferent, if not poisonous, champagne merely to line the pockets of some alien who hoards every penny of his ill-gotten gains and returns to his own country a rich man to make his investments there.

A cleaner night life will not mean a duller night life. The scandal of the bogus club must be permanently ended, and the first thing to be done is to deal with the alien.

C A N D I D C O M M U N I C A T I O N S

# OUR BIGGEST SHOP WINDOW

## *His Little Bill—The Public Knows—"Muzzling" Them—Happy Though Married—Pity Poor Samuel*

**H.R.H. The PRINCE OF WALES,**
***York House, London, S.W.1.***

SIR,—The events of the past few weeks have revealed you as the national leader of our industrial life.

On Monday you will propose the toast of "The British Industries Fair" at a Mansion House Banquet held to launch that greatest of all "shop windows."

I am glad to know that your words are to be broadcast for all to hear. Many among your ancestors led the British nation to victory in war.

I pray that you may perform an even greater task, and lead us to prosperity in peace. Say the word and we will follow. JOHN BULL.

**LORD BANBURY,**
***41, Lowndes Street, London, S.W.1.***

MY LORD,—I congratulate you on the little Bill which you are now pushing through Parliament on the teeth of the Home Office and to the sneers of Lord Salisbury.

You wish to give magistrates the power to debar anyone who is convicted of cruelty to his dog from holding a dog licence. I cannot imagine a saner or more humane addition to the Statute Book.

If the Government carries out its threat to kill your Bill, I've half a mind to set my dog on Downing Street. JOHN BULL.

**Mr. ST. JOHN ERVINE,**
***Dramatic Critic, "The Observer"***

DEAR SINGEIN',—I admire your writing as a rule, but your judgment that "the theatre is dying as the result of commercialism" is pure *poppycock*.

Since that very commercial actor-manager William Shakespeare made his "pile," there never has been a great dramatist who has not succeeded in overcoming whatever economic obstacles happened to be in his way.

The public knows a good play when it sees one, and those who write the best plays make the most money. Our two greatest living playwrights, Mr. George Bernard Shaw and Sir James Barrie, are very rich men.

"The play's the thing!"

JOHN BULL.

**Mr. FRANKLIN ROOSEVELT,**
***New York City, U.S.A.***

DEAR SIR,—Your suggestion that members of the New York State Crime Commission should visit London to take a lesson from our Metropolitan police is a very sensible one.

There may be a Goddard or so in our Force, but for all that it remains the finest, cleanest and most efficient police body in the world.

I shall warmly welcome any visitors you send and can guarantee that they will return full of the ingenious new methods whereby the brains of Scotland Yard are making the criminal's life a perfect nuisance to him over here. JOHN BULL.

**H.M. KING AMANULLAH,**
***Kandahar***

DEAR AMANULLAH,—So you have given up European ideas and reverted to the good old fashions of your forefathers.

I was particularly interested to read how you caused three wretched tribesmen to be lashed to the muzzles of cannon and then blown to pieces, for it proves to me that a pair of trousers and a billycock hat do not turn a barbarian tyrant into a civilised human being.

Moreover, such sports no more demonstrate your fitness to rule a kingdom than your flight from Kabul in a British aeroplane because the mullahs wouldn't wear waistcoats.

JOHN BULL.

**Sergt. WEST,**
***Garrison Police, Shoeburyness Barracks***

SERGT.—Acquainted as I am with most Army text-books, I find some excuse for your belief that as N.C.O. in charge of the garrison redcaps, your power exceeds even that of the coroner.

But you can take it from me that when the coroner tells you that newspaper men must be admitted to an inquest, what he says goes.

Notwithstanding the coroner's injunction, you tried to exclude the Press. I wouldn't do it again!

JOHN BULL.

**The Rev. and Mrs. WEEKES,**
***Woodmancourt, Godalming***

DEAR OLD FOLK,—In your ninetieth year you have just celebrated the sixty-fifth anniversary of your wedding-day.

Your recipe for happy married life is, "Put up with everything that comes along and look for the brighter side of everything in life."

There's many a young couple already on the divorce rocks who would give much to catch something of your golden serenity and tolerance.

I hope to offer you my congratulations on an even more remarkable celebration—ten years hence.

JOHN BULL.

**Mr. B. WALTON O'DONNELL, M.V.O.**
***68 Haverstock Hill, London, N.W.3.***

DEAR MR. O'DONNELL,—Six solid hours you sat at Newcastle while twenty-eight competing bands boomed their way successively through the self-same piece of music.

And, when the last trombone had snorted its final note, you found strength to place the ten best bands in their order of merit.

I have no fear for Britain while she can still breed sons so tough and heroic as you. JOHN BULL.

**The Rt. Hon. Sir SAMUEL HOARE,**
***18, Cadogan Gardens, London, S.W.3.***

MY POOR SIR SAMUEL,—My heart bleeds for you! There are 11,400 new women voters in your Chelsea constituency. You have appealed to their employers not to force them to vote for this or that candidate, and to allow them freely to attend the meetings which your wife is organising, and where the pure Tory gospel will be expounded.

Be encouraged, Sir Samuel! Domestic servants to-day are an independent body of women. If their mistresses have anything to do with their votes, it will be to vote according to the dictation of an excellent cook, who threatens to leave unless her political preferences are obeyed. JOHN BULL.

**The Rev. W. THOMPSON ELLIOTT,**
***Vicar of Leeds.***

DEAR VICAR,—By denouncing local landlords who extort 17s. 6d. a week for letting a room or a room and a half to a family you have earned my sincere admiration.

Too many parsons neglect to speak out against such monstrous iniquities for fear of offending rich parishioners.

JOHN BULL.

## STRAIGHT *from the Shoulder*

LORD IRWIN: "To impugn the good faith of one another is to destroy the foundation of all hope of better things."

*Urge the fact upon the Lower House. It is badly needed.*

LORD EUSTACE PERCY: "Great danger to the life and happiness of average men and women lies in monkeying with monetary policy."

*And greater still in flunkeying with the educational policy.*

MR. JUSTICE SWIFT: "Everybody is honest and dishonest in patches."

*If our judges could really appreciate this truth, the administration of British justice would improve tenfold.*

SIR WILLIAM JOYNSON-HICKS: "In the habits of the people of this country temperance is now almost an established factor."

*Then why not trust them, instead of smothering their reasonable pleasures with a blanket of grandmotherly restrictions?*

*Imaginary Interviews.—Lawrence of Arabia*

# THE SPHINX without a SECRET

## *A Dabster at Disguise*

IT was not until he had given the correct grip and password that the Imaginary Interviewer was admitted to the South Kensington flat of Col. T. E. Lawrence, alias Aircraftsman Shaw, alias "Mr. Smith."

"Lawrence of Arabia, I believe?" began the Interviewer.

The bearded person before him made a noise like a sphinx.

"Well, shall we say 'Shaw of Afghanistan'?"

"You never can tell," came the cryptic answer.

"WHAT you mean is that *you* never can be 'Shaw.' Because of wonderful publicity work, you can never be anything but 'Lawrence of Arabia,' however you may try to make a cheap mystery cheaper by calling yourself 'Smith of Surbiton.'"

"What do you mean by 'wonderful publicity work'?" demanded the hero of a hundred advance paragraphs.

"I mean that there's a fortune waiting your Press agent if C. B. Cochran can get hold of him."

"But all my life I have shunned publicity!"

"Oh, I thay!" exclaimed the flabbergasted Interviewer. "What about your war book? The way it was boosted made Margot Asquith look like a mid-Victorian violet."

"I did my best to keep the book a dark secret. It was issued at an extremely high price and——"

"Just so—if it had been published at eight 'bob' it might have been overlooked by the Press in their scramble to review Edgar Wallace's latest half-dozen! And then when you went off to India—"

"I went as plain Aircraftsman Shaw."

"No, no, my dear Colonel, not plain, Shaw say, rather fancy Shaw. We all know that Colonels can be got for two a penny, and could never share a place in the limelight with Mrs. Merrick and Winston Churchill.

"But a Colonel who mysteriously becomes an aircraftsman is rushed by the Press gang like a chorus girl changed into a peeress."

"It is intolerable," exclaimed the eminent globe-trotter, "the way my modesty is outraged and my actions misconstrued. I left the boat at Plymouth by a special launch and this, somehow, attracted attention.

"I told the taximan to drive here by a circuitous route, and he jumped to the conclusion that I must be—er—someone of importance."

"What an extraordinary mistake!" murmured the Interviewer.

"I beg your pardon?" was the reply.

"I mean—er—he guessed right, didn't he? But, look here, Colonel. If you really are of a retiring disposition, why not give up dashing round the world under assumed names and retire to your old college at Oxford?"

"I would do so to-morrow but for the strain on my modesty. I'm afraid that wherever I went I would be followed by hordes of admiring undergraduates."

"Don't you believe it!" the Interviewer assured him, "It happens that I was in residence when you were at Oxford before and I know this will please a man with your intense love of passing unnoticed— I wasn't even aware that you were in the jolly old place."

SOMEHOW this did not seem to gratify the Mystery Man, and, observing the menacing manner in which he was tugging at his false beard, our representative decided it was time to display his own "retiring" disposition.

# ILLEGAL INSURANCE of CHILDREN

TWO weeks ago we announced the fact that negotiations were on foot to transfer the National Health Insurance services to the big industrial insurance companies.

Mr. Churchill denied our statements, as was only to be expected. We were quite prepared to hear that our premature exposure had caused the scheme to be abandoned.

Meanwhile, we propose to publish now details of a second plot.

At this moment a Bill is being drafted by Government officials in conjunction with Insurance Actuaries—a Bill which is to be the basis of as unholy a bargain as was ever made.

To understand this cowardly attempt to rob and exploit the poor it is necessary to hark back to the year 1896, when the Friendly Societies Act was passed.

That Act states very clearly that "A Society or Branch, whether registered or unregistered, shall not insure or pay on the death of a child under five years of age any sum of money which, added to any amount payable on the death of that child by any other Society or Branch, exceeds £6."

## *Careful clause*

In the case of a child under ten years of age the limit is fixed at £10.

This clause was inserted to prevent baby farming and to stop inhuman parents from making profit out of the deaths of young children by insuring them for excessive amounts.

The Assurance Companies Act of 1909 contained a similar proviso as did the Industrial Assurance Act of 1923 when the maximum amount was increased to £15.

*These Acts have been consistently ignored and defied by the Insurance Companies and Friendly Societies and millions of illegal policies have been issued by them on the lives of young children.*

However, since the exposures commenced in JOHN BULL the authorities have been compelled to take action.

## *Typical victories*

As an example we may cite the case of Mr. C. Simons, of 23, Castle Street, Merthyr Tydvil, who was induced by an agent of the City of Glasgow Friendly Society to insure his three children in the year 1920, the premiums being 6s. a week

Mr. Simons paid this 6s. a week until June, 1925, when he could no longer afford it owing to the falling off of his business. During that five years and six weeks he had paid altogether £79 16s.

The three policies were illegal from their very inception, yet when Mr. Simons told the company he could not continue to pay, they offered him £24 surrender value in full settlement.

JOHN BULL'S Industrial Assurance Department took the case up and passed the matter on to the Industrial Assurance Commissioner who summoned the company in the Court at Merthyr Tydvil.

It was fined for issuing illegal policies and repaid £50 to Mr. Simons.

Although it still has over £29 16s. of this man's money, the principle has been clearly established in a Court of law that this money was illegally obtained!

Mr. H. Anchell of Elizabeth Buildings, Boleyn Street, Kingsland, N.16, took out a policy with the Britannic Assurance Company Limited, on the life of his child in May, 1922 when the child was a year old and the premium was 1s. a week.

After he had paid £15 7s. he wished to discontinue the policy and the company offered him £7 4s. 6d. which it stated was all it was entitled to pay. However, it would be generous and would allow him 50 per cent. of the premiums he paid!

## *Glaring examples*

Mr. Anchell wrote to JOHN BULL about it, and on taking the case up, Mr. W. E. Mashford, chief of our insurance bureau, was able to get the premiums returned in full.

*The happy West Ham family whose case was successfully fought by "John Bull's" Industrial Assurance Bureau*

Mrs. Holden, of Richfield Road, West Ham, insured the lives of her two children, when they were each a year old, in 1917 and 1919, with the Royal London Mutual Insurance Society, Limited.

After endeavouring to persuade Mrs. Holden to continue the policies, the agent remarked: "Well, Mrs. Holden, if the company should allow you anything it will be only out of grace." However, after JOHN BULL took up the case, the company paid back the premiums in full!

These are only a few instances out of hundreds which reach our office every day. This sort of thing has gone on all over the country for years, and millions of pounds of poor people's money are sunk in illegal policies, *every premium of which is returnable if the companies are tackled.*

The Bill which is being framed now has for its sole object the making legal of these illegal policies, and is to be retrospective.

If that Bill ever becomes law millions of poor people will be swindled out of their rights in the most brazen fashion.

Surely this outrageous Bill should be scrapped and the assurance companies forced to conform to the law?

## *Past scandals*

It must be remembered that the Assurance Companies Act of 1909 made legal millions of illegal contracts and prevented those who had been swindled from claiming the return of premiums.

Then, too, the Industrial Insurance Act of 1923 was drafted by the companies for their own protection and hurled at the heads of the Government who were openly and defiantly told that the companies would not accept the Act drafted by the Treasury officials.

The result was that the 1923 Act again protected the companies and made it impossible for the victimised policy-holders to recover premiums illegally collected from them, for surrender value only can be claimed in these contracts.

Are we to allow that to happen again?

The mere fact that the Government contemplates sponsoring this dastardly attempt to legalise illegal policies, is in itself an absolute disgrace to the conscience of the nation.

# A FLAXEN-HAIRED FRAUD

## *An Artist in Artifice*

*Chief Inspector Bradley, of "C" Division, in whose area Clifton has recently operated*

PRAY let us introduce you to Mr. H. de Vere Clifton. He is not, as his name suggests, a theatrical dude. He is much more realistic.

De Vere looks quite a romantic figure with his coloured silken scarf and a large black bohemian hat that might make a Californian cow-puncher green with envy.

In view of his appearance one would think that De Vere would be the last person to enter the criminal arena. His debut there, however, places him in the very front rank of polished crooks the West End has seen for many a long day.

His coups are truly amazing. He entered a West End store the other day, for example, and, giving excellent references, asked to be shown a large assortment of articles of wearing apparel of the most expensive kind.

## *Intimate documents*

He was, he said, a painter, studying art at an Oxford University. His mother, a very wealthy woman well known in society, was spending lavish sums upon him, and was at the moment in Paris, where he was going to join her. His apparent sincerity, coupled with the documents he produced in a confidential manner, and the intimate way in which he discussed life at Oxford, gave no indication that his story was not perfectly true.

De Vere spent several hours selecting articles that he wanted, not only for his pending sojourn in Paris, but also as presents for his dear mother there.

In all his order came to £48 19s. 6d.—which was not a bad stroke of business even for a busy store's average afternoon.

## *Remarkable story*

The goods were duly delivered to him. Then De Vere again paid the store a visit, and announced that he was delighted with his former purchases.

On this occasion he ordered all kinds of travelling equipment.

In all, the order given on this second visit came to £104 16s., which, taking into consideration the previous account of £48 19s. 6d., made his total indebtedness to this one firm no less than £153 15s. 6d.

It gives some idea of his amazing effrontery and criminal ability when it is made known that the firm permitted him to take away all the goods without demur.

Credit, of course, has to be given in all West End stores, and angel-faced De Vere aroused not the least suspicion, particularly as he was staying at a good-class hotel.

Belated enquiries made by the store, however, revealed a less promising state of affairs, and, as the result, the bill was promptly presented in case the journey to Paris might be started upon before any money was forthcoming.

As might now be expected, the bill was ignored by the colourful De Vere. Payment was accordingly pressed for, and eventually a cheque was handed in by him for the amount due.

This, curiously enough, was not drawn on an Oxford bank, or even upon the French bank wherein his mother's money was supposed to be in keeping, but upon a bank at Rye, near Hastings.

Nor was it made out in the name of De Vere Clifton. The signature, nevertheless, was still a little aristocratic, and was set forth as "E. D. Curteis."

When the firm, by now thoroughly suspicious, asked for the explanation of this mystery, De Vere unblushingly explained that his real name was Curteis, but that he adopted the name of "De Vere Clifton" because it looked nicer on the pictures he painted!

## *Dishonoured cheque*

The cheque, we regret to say, was not met. Nor have several others passed by this romantic young flaxen-haired youth in various parts for goods obtained on a similar, if not so formidable, scale as in the instance we have given.

Enquiries at Oxford revealed the fact that he was unknown there, while, to round off his escapades, he disappeared suddenly from his hotel without settling the bill.

Since then the whereabouts of the artistic personality has been a mystery that the police are now trying to solve. We hope this publicity will help them to solve it soon.

# FASHION'S SWEATED GIRL SLAVES

## "Creations" not made in Eden!

*Mr. B. Sullivan, London Secretary of the Tailors and Garment Workers' Union, with some of the numerous workers whose interests he watches*

THE wearers of costly frocks, who pay as many guineas as there are days in the week—and frequently more—for their attractive clothes, little realise that there are rough huts in back gardens, badly lit cellars and cold, draughty attics wherein they are laboriously stitched together by those who hate the sight of them, even in shop windows.

We have before us many examples of the long hours worked, the pitiful wages paid, and the sinister devices adopted by unscrupulous sub-contractors who seek to conceal the truth from the Board of Trade inspectors.

If the inspectors don't know, we do—and we pass the sordid information on, not only to the officials, but to the public.

Sad as it is to relate, there are in the West End of London, and in the side streets of the East End, nasty work dens where girls still in their early teens are to be seen, crowded around a lamp, fashioning frocks and other elaborate creations for the adornment of their more fortunate sisters in other spheres of life.

One City firm, which was recently visited by a Government inspector, was discovered to be having its garments supplied by five sub-contractors, not one of whom has been carrying on his business according to law.

There was, for example, a Miss Emily Bell, of Canning Town, a sempstress of three years' experience, who is not yet twenty, who had been working no fewer than fifty-four hours each week, for a wage amounting to exactly 18s. (after her insurance money had been deducted).

### Heavy arrears due

Another young lady, who had been in the garment-making trade for a number of years, received £1 0s. 8d. for a similar week's work, while Miss Annie Super, of Cable Street, E., had to be content with 18s. 3d. only.

These sub-contractors were subsequently forced to pay arrears of money owing to five young ladies employed by them.

These girls, mark you, whose maximum wage amounts to but 28s. a week, were due to receive a sum of £58!

Well might the young matron exclaim: "How very reasonable!" when she smiles on a "sweet" creation. But let us dive into details and examine the facts.

We will presume that three and a half yards of material have been used to make this "creation," costing something like 4s. 11d. a yard.

The silver lace will have cost at least 3s., and the sash a similar amount, while the posy adorning the shoulder may have run to half-a-crown—not more than 26s. in all.

Now it takes a work-girl one whole day to make the average frock, the piece-work rate for which is 2s.

Should she, by a sheer frenzy of work, be able to rush through two, she will have earned 4s.

Consider this, and then look back through a Trade Board book, and you will then understand where the money has gone.

### Low wages

In one factory of which we know, the majority of the girls who do what is termed piece-work, are thankful if they earn about 18s., for a full week's work.

While, at the same time, it is a well-known fact that buyers in large shops and multiple stores double the prices which they themselves pay for frocks, so that the garment sold by the sub-contractor for four guineas, is resold to the public at eight.

It is only necessary to quote statistics from the Ministry of Labour for last year to prove our assertion that thousands of garments are made under conditions that demand immediate investigation, and that there is certainly something seriously wrong with the industry.

There were over 40,000 so-called workshops registered in the United Kingdom, of which less than 6,000 were inspected.

The arrears of wages due were found to exceed £13,000, and, in over 3,000 cases, no record of the hours worked had been kept.

We will quote from a report before us: "In more than 1,300 cases it was discovered that no record had been kept of the wages paid.

### Cellar workshops!

"We found two girls working in a small bedroom and two others in the kitchen. Some were working in cellars and others in tiny bedrooms wherein no inspector can gain admittance."

If the inspectors cannot inspect, then they ought to be sacked, and the responsible department should reorganise the whole system of supervision.

The result of this slave-driving of thousands of garment-workers who carry on their jobs under appalling conditions is also evidenced by the death-rates.

Of twenty-two deaths in December last, no fewer than nine were due to lung diseases. The average age of those who died was less than fifty.

Having explained to the Board of Trade the mess they have got to clear up, we leave them to get a move on.

# FIVE DUMPED ARABS

## Grimsby's Uninvited Guests

BETWEEN reflections on Hyde Park, night clubs, and the General Election, Sir William Joynson-Hicks will have to make up his mind as to what is to be done with five Arab women (not to speak of the baby) who were dumped ashore at Grimsby, at the close of last year, and who have since been maintained at the British taxpayer's expense.

Their plight is complicated by the fact they cannot speak a single word of English.

A JOHN BULL representative with a knowledge of Arabic called on the strange party, and their joy at being talked to in their own tongue once again was pathetic.

* * *

Galaisha, the eldest of the women,—she is thirty-six—spoke on behalf of her companions, and almost every sentence of her story was coupled with a plea that they might be taken somewhere where they would be understood.

It appears that she was married at the age of thirteen to a man who was a British subject. He was the father of the two younger women of the party, Anida, aged fifteen, and Nebi, aged thirteen.

This husband died, and she then married a French subject. Fahima, the three-year-old member of the party, was the result.

Galaisha, whose two sisters, Fatima and Tuni, complete the stranded company, states that she is a native of Tunis and of French nationality.

* * *

For years she and her companions had wandered over Southern Europe selling carpets and Persian embroidery.

In Germany, however, they fell on hard times, and Galaisha was deserted by her second husband.

After the German authorities had provided for the women for some time it was discovered that they had relations in Antwerp, and they transferred across the border into Belgium.

There they became chargeable to the rates, and, when it was found that Galaisha had a British passport, it was presumed that the whole of them were British, and they were promptly shipped to Grimsby.

*Sir W. Joynson-Hicks*

The Grimsby Guardians have been very sympathetic and have provided the women with a large room and a fire in a hutment.

If Galaisha's second wedding makes her a Frenchwoman, as undoubtedly she and her sister are by birth, it would appear that France is responsible for them.

The middle two young women might be adjudged as British subjects because of the nationality of their father, but they view with horror any suggestion of the party being broken up.

* * *

The Home Secretary will be doing a real humane service if he orders an immediate enquiry into this matter and ensures the safe return of the pathetic party to their own people.

# FLAT-TRAP

## For the Film Struck

YOU may or may not have heard of International Scenarios, Ltd., but, in any case, it will be just as well to hear a little more before yielding to its eloquent inducements to part with your guineas.

An interesting little booklet issued from the company's offices in Duke Street, Adelphi, London, explains that the demand for original scenarios of the *right type* (the italics are theirs) is constant and far exceeds the supply.

International Scenarios, Ltd., offer to train the outsider in the art of scenario writing.

It is only a question of eight guineas cash, or ten guineas by instalments.

For this you receive twelve lessons through the post.

The company will enrol no one "whose work does not show possibilities sufficient, in our opinion, to justify them in spending money for tuition."

How honourable and kind!

We were not quite so impressed, however, when we consulted the files at Somerset House.

The company was registered in May of last year, with a nominal capital of £1,500, but the actual capital is conspicuously absent.

Moreover, the leading light in the concern, one Mr. D. B. Doxat-Pratt, has sorely displeased some of his associates, one of whom has advertised the fact that he is no longer connected with the company.

Doxat-Pratt's reputation in the film world is not of the best, and we doubt if there is any short cut to scenario writing success.

*Where "Asper" comes from! Rogers' dilapidated warehouse*

# "ASPER"

## An Exposure!

WHAT is "Asper"? It is a new specific for "Headaches, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago, Sleeplessness, Rheumatism, Neuritis, Pains, and Depression."

It will, we are told, "Tone up the Nervous System," and it is also "a safeguard against 'Flu."

"Asper" is being sold from door to door all over London.

Chastely got up in a white wrapper, the packet is closed by two small red and black paper seals, bearing the legend "Royalty Paid."

Inside, there is no vulgar ostentation. A plain cardboard carton, also sealed with the "Royalty Paid" stamps, contains a simple paper bag, in which are twenty-five snow-white tablets—"Asper."

This wonderful remedy is sold by the "Asper" Manufacturing Co., Hackney, N.," and the modesty of the firm is nicely exemplified by the absence of any address.

In the same way, with a charming consideration for the overworked officials at Somerset House, the company has not troubled to register in the Business Names Section.

The canvassers, whose duty it is to sell a "1s. 3d." packet of "Asper" for 6d. from door to door, are sent out on their mission of mercy from 20, South Grove, Bow, London, E.3, an unpretentious private residence quite in keeping with the modesty of the firm.

Supplies of "Asper" are lovingly guarded in the warehouse round the corner, number 14, Salmen Street.

### The secret out

Now, as the above addresses reminded us of Pat Rogers, whom we recently exposed as "Jolly Rogers, the Shampoo Pirate," we decided to have "Asper" analysed.

Here, then, is the analyst's report:

"'Asper' consists of small circular tablets, each weighing about 3½ grains. They have a sweet taste and a slight flavour of peppermint.

"On analysis the following results were obtained—Cane Sugar, 94.7 per cent.; Matter insoluble in water, mostly starch, 3.8 per cent.; Moisture, 1.6 per cent.; Peppermint Oil, a trace.

"Aspirin (acetylsalicylic acid) acetanilide, Calomel and other drugs were tested for with negative results."

What a shock to hopeful sufferers!

A leaflet accompanies each packet of "Asper" and Pat Rogers must have had his tongue in his cheek when he stated "Asper is guaranteed harmless and does not affect the action of the heart."

And he probably laughed outright when he wrote, "Asper can be given to children."

So it can. So, also, can liquorice allsorts and lollypops!

# BEAUTY EXPERT'S UGLY RECORD

## Arrest Douglas Ponting!

LEONARD DOUGLAS PONTING, of Macclesfield, is the latest crook to learn the lesson that when the JOHN BULL watchdog gets his teeth into a scoundrel he does not easily let go.

Recently, when this tattooed rascal lured a pretty girl of sixteen away from her home in Millom, Cumberland, we turned our searchlight upon him.

The result of our exposure was that the girl was found and restored to her parents, but, as she is just over the age of sixteen, Ponting could not be prosecuted for abduction.

We now suggest to the police, however, that there are other reasons why Ponting's operations should be subjected to an official investigation.

In September last, we find, he occupied a cottage at Chapel-le-Frith, beyond Stockport, where he advertised in the local newspaper for a partner in a shampoo business.

A local grocer was persuaded to invest all he had available—a matter of £15.

He lost his money, and was left with a quantity of cheap and nasty shampoos on his hands.

### Ponting pops off

Obtaining money by false pretences, whether the individual sums concerned be large or small, is a very old trick of Ponting's. The police have received complaints innumerable about him in this respect.

Ponting finally disappeared from Chapel-le-Frith, leaving an employee and his rent unpaid, and owing money to tradespeople all over the district.

After a short spell at home in Macclesfield, he went to Millom, where he met the girl whose rescue we have just achieved.

Next he turned up at Marple Bridge. Here, in the window of the sub-post-office, he saw a cottage advertised, and got into touch with the owner in the following way.

The postmaster is also a printer in a small way, and was glad when Ponting called one day with the tidings that he could put some business in his way.

After Ponting had given the postmaster-printer a good order, he asked for the address of the advertised cottage and, being on the surface a respectable fellow, secured its temporary hire.

### Postmaster duped

Although he promised to pay a month's rent in advance, he obtained possession without doing so by means of a trick, stating that his money was in the post.

There was a monthly agreement, but he decamped at the end of five weeks, taking the key of the cottage with him, and not having paid any rent at all.

He again left a host of unpaid bills behind him, including £10 owing to the postmaster, who had printed showcards and envelopes for his shampoo powders.

When he left this cottage he was callous enough to leave behind his little daughter aged five—deserted and alone!

This poor child, who was cared for in her father's absence by a kindly but duped landlady, is shown in the photograph which accompanies this article as being clasped in what appear to be the loving arms of Ponting.

The extent of his "love" for his little child may be gauged from his abominable treatment of her!

Ponting's record, we find, is even blacker than we thought. He has been in prison on no fewer than ten occasions for a variety of offences that would be hard to equal—for housebreaking, for obtaining money by menaces, for stealing jewellery from dwelling-houses, for burglary, and, worst of all, for violating a girl under sixteen years of age!

We certainly think, with his "new" past exclusively laid bare here, that jail should see him once again very soon!

*Ponting and the five-year-old daughter whom he once callously deserted*

# HOMER'S BLANK VERSE

## Another Financial Fiasco

THE prospect of money for nothing is just as alluring now as it was in the days of long ago when Homer sang his sonorous blank verse.

The ancient measures, however, were no more "blank" than the results achieved for his clients by William Homer, trading as James Beard and Co., 335, City Road, London, E.C.1, "Investment Brokers."

"We are in a position to give you excellent advice" he purrs, "and can act for you at any time, with any amount you have available, whether it be £5 or £500."

Should you turn a blind eye to this wonderful lure of financial bliss, W. Homer, Esq., girds up his loins and delivers a more striking attack on your pocket by means of another circular.

This tells you that "had you taken advantage of our offer you would have had a successful operation, giving you a very substantial profit."

One man, a well-known and prosperous farmer at Berwick-on-Tweed, wired £10 to Homer some weeks ago, and was gratified to learn by return of post that he had been credited with £20 popular "Ordinaries" at 74s. 6d. each.

This deal, he was told, left a margin of 1s. closing with 4s. per share profit.

His gratification, however, was short lived for a month later he was informed that the market had suffered a slight setback and would he remit £12 10s. to cover this?

Our trusting farmer sent the money as requested.

A day or two later Beard and Co. said there had been a further setback and would he send another £5?

Again he dispatched the required cash, but on the occasion of a visit to London shortly afterwards he took the opportunity of calling on Beard and Co.

### Hopeless position

He was rather disappointed at the appearance of the office and after experiencing some difficulty in finding the Principal, was told "to hang on in the hope that the shares will improve."

After his return home the farmer was delighted to hear that the shares had gone up to over 100s. each.

His request for the amount due was ignored, and another trip to London proved equally futile.

The moral is obvious. The best place for the lovely literature sent out by Homer and others of his kidney is the W.P.B.

# Gulling the Grocer

## Disappearing Pearson

SHOPKEEPERS anxious to dispose of their businesses should be wary of a guinea-grabber named Geo. Pearson.

If they enter into negotiations with this wily gentleman they are much more likely to be "sold" than the shops!

A Peckham grocer advertised his shop for sale and got into touch with a "Mr. Turner," who promised to come and view the premises.

He did not appear, but the grocer received a letter from Geo. Pearson and Co., "accountants and auditors," of Excel House, Princes Court, Whitcomb Street, London, stating that "Mr. Turner" had placed the matter in their hands.

### An artful dodger

Pearson and Co. next informed the grocer that "Mr. Turner" had been suited elsewhere, but that they had another purchaser in view if the grocer would care to pay a fee of two guineas—returnable if the transaction did not go through in a month.

Not another word was heard. The shop was not sold, and correspondence on the subject was ignored.

Meanwhile, the two guineas have not been refunded!

We are not surprised, for Pearson has vanished from the room he used at Excel House, leaving his rent unpaid.

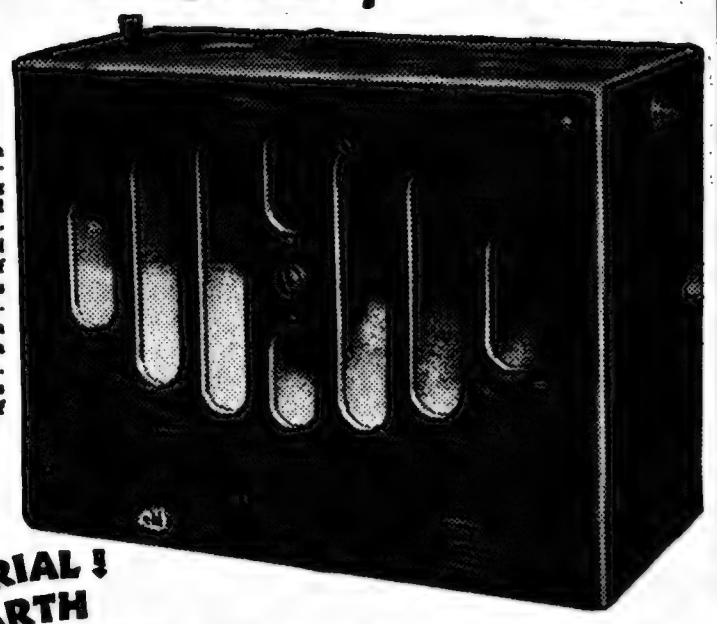
And he is "not known" at what he claimed to be his private address in Onslow Square.

Moreover, we find that the letter sent to the grocer by the man supposed to be "Mr. Turner" bore the address of a newsagent, who takes in letters there in return for a small fee!

Artful Mr. Pearson!

# GET THIS SUPER FIVE-VALVE PORTABLE

## FOR 20/- DOWN



The Illustration shows the Super-Five Valve Long Range National Portable (without handle and waterproof cover). It costs £15 cash or 20/- down and 30/- a month for eleven months only. Shorter terms available if desired.

**NO AERIAL! NO EARTH WIRES!!**

THE National Portable has caused a real wireless sensation. The value it offers has never even been approached before. It brings for the first time a thoroughly reliable and well-made portable set within the reach of everybody. Testimonials are showering in. Everybody is delighted and surprised at the wonderful tone and range and power of this really remarkable set.

### A DOZEN COUNTRIES TO ENTERTAIN YOU

You can choose your programmes from the best in Europe and receive them with perfect clarity both for speech and music. Just push over the switch and in comes the music. Then, as you turn the control dial, the stations come gliding in one after another.

### PLAYS ANYWHERE YOU WANT

You can take the National Portable anywhere you like and get music at any time. It will play out of doors or indoors, in a basement or an attic, in a train or a car.

The National Portable is made by a selected number of manufacturers who have agreed to market this superb set under the trade mark of National Portable Radio. By adopting this co-operative policy manufacturing costs are kept down to the very minimum.

**TEST IT FREE IN YOUR OWN HOME**

**AND GET PROGRAMMES FROM**

**ENGLAND**
**FRANCE**
**GERMANY**
**SPAIN**
**HOLLAND**
**ITALY**
**RUSSIA**
**DENMARK**
**SWEDEN**
**NORWAY**
**POLAND**
**AUSTRIA**
**ETC.**

### HOW TO GET A FREE TEST!

The best way to demonstrate a wireless set is in the house where it is going to play, and as the National Portable can play anywhere, arrangements have been made for a set to be sent to everybody who is interested. Directly your enquiry is received at this office, the nearest manufacturer will send a set for you to try. There is no obligation whatsoever on your part. Fill in the coupon below and hear this set playing in your own home.

*Illustration shows National Portable ready for carrying*

# NATIONAL PORTABLE RADIO

**FILL IN THIS COUPON TO-DAY**

Issued in the interests of the National Electric Co. and Associate Manufacturers of National Portable Radio.

TO THE INFORMATION BUREAU
of the National Electric Co. and Associate Manufacturers,
10, 12 & 14, BEAK STREET, LONDON, W.1.

(a) Please send me catalogue and full details of the National Portable.
b) Please ask one of your Associate Manufacturers to send a National Portable Set for free trial without obligation.

Name.....

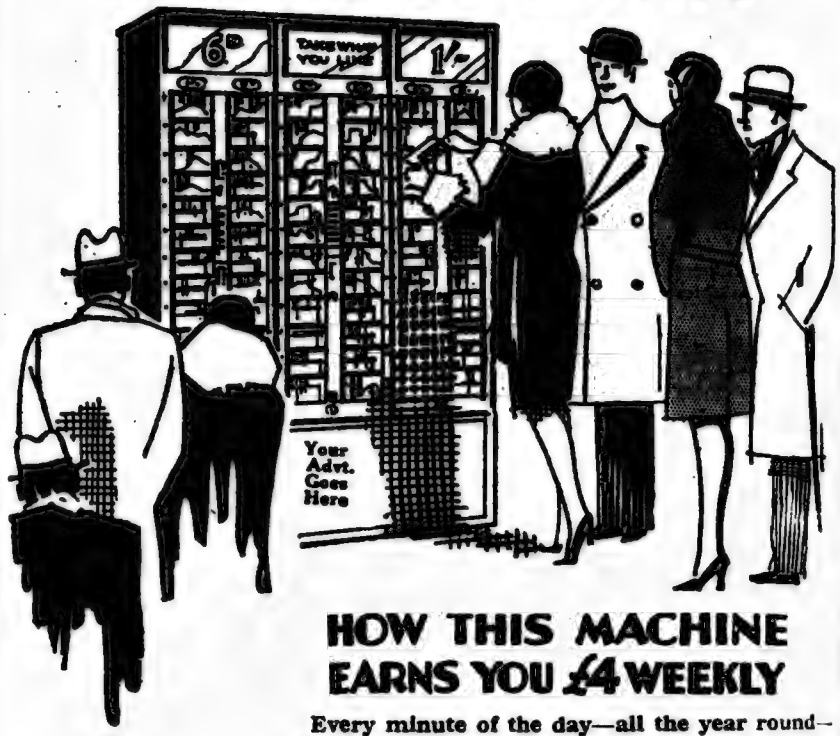
Address.....

TOWN

COUNTY

J.B.'4

# YOU MAKE £200 A YEAR EXTRA PROFITS




## 6 VITAL FACTS

**DISPLAYED SALES** machines are the only English-made machines of their kind.

These machines are about 50% cheaper than inferior foreign made machines.

They are the smartest and strongest as well as the cheapest on the market.

Their handsome appearance *adds* attraction to Stores, High Class Shops, Cinemas, Theatres, Hotels, Restaurants, etc.

They can be bought for cash or by hire purchase, or hired at from 5/- per week.

They pay for themselves in a few months out of the extra profits they earn.

## HOW THIS MACHINE EARNS YOU £4 WEEKLY

Every minute of the day—all the year round—this handsome, illuminated, error-proof machine will *earn* for you by *selling* for you. The profits from its weekly sales average £4 weekly, from one daily filling. This high-speed mechanical salesman needs no attention apart from filling; it asks no holidays; it pays for its hire out of the big extra profit it produces.

It will sell almost anything, and can be made with compartments to accommodate and attractively display 72 entirely different articles. It automatically rejects spurious coins, and is the only machine which closes its own doors after goods have been removed by purchaser. The cost of hiring is extremely low—from 5/- per week.

*Write to-day for full particulars.*

# DISPLAYED SALES

*This Company has not any connection whatsoever with any other Company selling or offering imported machines*

**DISPLAY SALES COMPANY, 15, FARRINGDON ROAD, LONDON, E.C.1.**

# 1/- DOWN

# Improve the tone of your gramophone with the World's most wonderful super soundbox—the VITA-PHONIC

The "Gramophone and Talking Machine News" the technical paper for the Gramophone lover, says: "It is the best sound-box they have ever tested."

This is the most marvellous invention in the history of gramophone manufacture. It will improve the tone of any machine and it will give that volume to a small portable instrument only found in the most expensive cabinet-gramophones.

**DOUBLES THE VOLUME AND FITS ANY MAKE.**

It eliminates all scratching and distortion. The "Vita-Phonic" introduces the new principle of amplification which brings out the natural tonal values. No matter what your gramophone cost in the first place, a "Vita-Phonic" will make it a first-class instrument and add greatly to your enjoyment.

**OUR OFFER TO YOU.**

We will send a "Vita-Phonic" sound box on receipt of the first deposit of 1/- and your promise to pay the balance by 6 weekly payments of 2/-, making a total of 13/- (Cash price 10/6). Send your remittance to-day, and remember that you can make a substantial saving if you send the balance within 7 days.

*GUARANTEE.*—Money returned in full if you are not satisfied and send the sound box back within 7 days.

WHEN ORDERING, be sure to state the make of your gramophone, and mention if sound box slips over or into the tone arm.

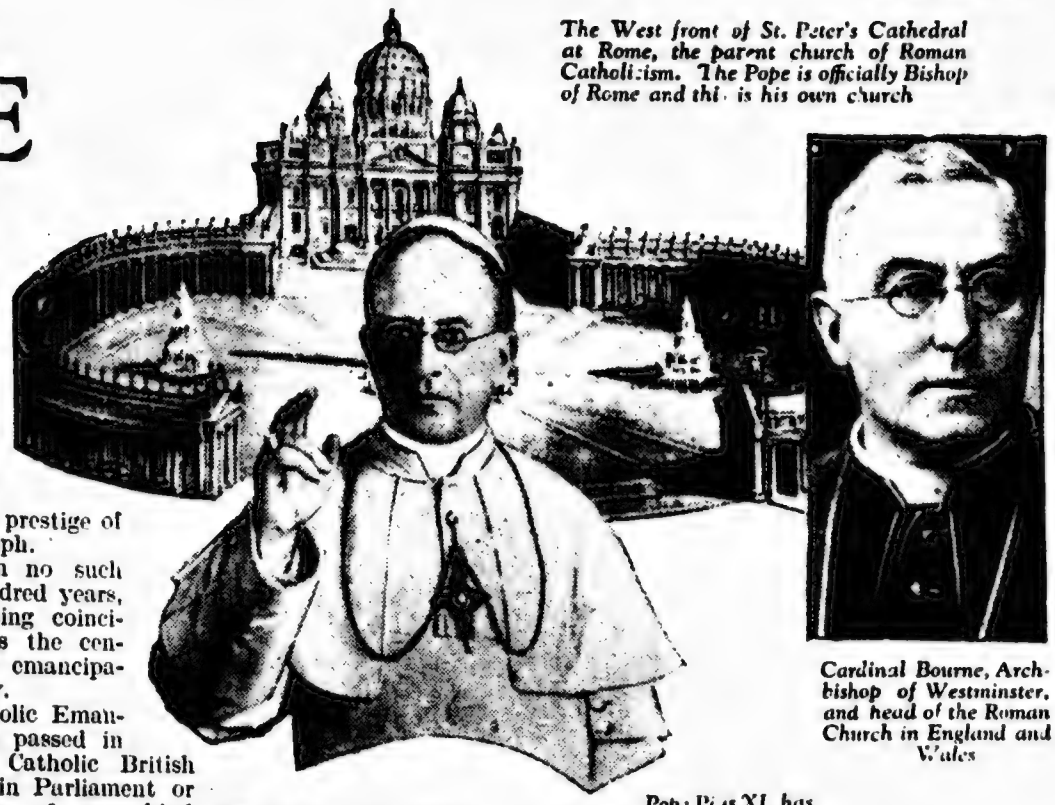
**UNIVERSAL SALES CO. (Dept. 30), Mitre House, 177, Regent Street, LONDON, W.1.**

**CALL AND HEAR ONE FOR YOURSELF.**

*Irish and Foreign Orders Cash Only.*

# What will THE POPE do with THIS FREEDOM?

## by A. G. GARDINER



*The West front of St. Peter's Cathedral at Rome, the parent church of Roman Catholicism. The Pope is officially Bishop of Rome and this is his own church*

*Cardinal Bourne, Archbishop of Westminster, and head of the Roman Church in England and Wales*

*Pope Pius XI. has lived in England and is a cordial friend of Britain*

THE Roman question is settled. The Pope and Signor Mussolini have struck their bargain and the "prisoner" of the Vatican will be "at large" once more after a seclusion of nearly sixty years.

This is a world event of immense significance. It affects us as much as any country, for though Britain is not Catholic, the King, as the head of the Empire, rules over more Catholic subjects than any other potentate in the world.

Even in this island the adherents of Rome number from 2,500,000 to 3,000,000, and their strength is not merely in their numbers.

No other Church exercises such sway over its members as the Roman Catholic Church does.

The Pope's subjects owe him and give him unquestioning obedience. This is the fact which makes it necessary to ask what this great event portends.

### Sixty years' "War"

Now that the Pope is a free man, what will he do with his freedom? In the first place, it is apparent that the Pope has won a great victory. He has won by waiting. For nearly sixty years, over since 1870, successive Popes have condemned themselves to voluntary imprisonment in the Vatican as a protest against the denial of their claim to an earthly throne.

By the agreement that is now arrived at, that claim, if not fully admitted, is compromised.

The Pope will be recognised as an independent sovereign, the Canon Law of the Church will be the law of the land and a money payment, said to be over 20 millions, will be made to the Holy See in discharge of any loss of worldly rights.

It is easy to see why Mussolini has made this enormous surrender. It is not from love of the Vatican, unless he has greatly changed his religious views.

It is political considerations which have brought him to his knees.

He has set up a despotic form of government in Italy which needs powerful buttressing and his agreement with the Pope gives him the support he lacked.

### Napoleon's example

He has practically suppressed Parliament and has made the Church the chief pillar of his dictatorship.

In this he has followed the example of Napoleon, who made friends with the Pope as the preliminary to snatching the Imperial crown.

From Mussolini's point of view it is undoubtedly a sound stroke of business. Henceforth his dictatorship has the sanction and support of the most powerful institution in the world.

And it is a good stroke of business for the Papacy. The Pope is no longer a voluntary prisoner entombed in the Vatican.

Mussolini has compelled the State to recognise his sovereign power, and he comes back to the world with the prestige of a resounding triumph.

There has been no such triumph for a hundred years, for by an interesting coincidence this year is the centenary of Catholic emancipation in this country.

Before the Catholic Emancipation Act was passed in 1829 no Roman Catholic British subject could sit in Parliament or hold public office of any kind whatsoever.

Whether the bargain which appears to have been struck is a good thing for Italy time will show. That is Italy's affair, not ours.

What is of concern to us is the effect on the world and on ourselves of the return of the Pope into worldly affairs as an acknowledged independent sovereign.

Will the revival of the political influence of the Vatican be a gain to the world or a loss?

It is at least fortunate that the first Pope to emerge from the Vatican to play a part in affairs should be a man of exceptional sense and enlightenment.

He is no mere ascetic or fanatic. He has known the world and as a sportsman has distinguished himself by his rock-climbing achievements in the Alps.

Unlike most of his predecessors, he has lived much abroad. He knows England, for example, has lived here and speaks our language.

Incidentally, he has made the acquaintance of King George, who paid him a visit in the course of his Mediterranean tour in 1925.

### The Pope's wisdom

On personal grounds, therefore, the new chapter opens with satisfactory omens. If the Pope will act with the wisdom that he has shown that he possesses he will set an example which will influence those who succeed him.

But when all this is said, the fact remains that his intervention in the world's secular affairs will be in the pursuit of one interest—that of the Church of which he is the head.

In some respects this represents a gain. The disease of Europe is the inflamed spirit of nationalism, which fills it with suspicions, rivalries, fears, hatreds, embodied in monstrous armaments and insane tariff walls.

Any influence which over-rides and transcends these divisions may, wisely employed, fulfil a useful function, and we may assume that the Pope will in any case be an active reinforcement to the cause of peace and disarmament.

But there is one sense in which the emergence of the Pope into secular affairs will be watched with anxiety.

The quarrel between the modern world and the Vatican has never been on the question of its faith, but always on the question of its claim to authority in worldly affairs.

It is that quarrel which has kept the Pope a "prisoner" in Italy since 1870. The claim persists. However shadowy, it implies that every Catholic has an extra-territorial loyalty.

This is an equivocal position. So long as the loyalty to the sovereign Pope is a spiritual loyalty there is no ground for distrust.

But anything in the nature of the development of a political loyalty to a Power outside the State would arouse a suspicion and distrust which happily, have long been dead, at all events in this country.

### A splendid tradition

For a hundred years Catholics have enjoyed the full liberties of our land. We are proud of the spirit of freedom which gave them those liberties: we rejoice that those liberties have never been abused.

We want that great tradition to continue. If the Pope, now that he is about to be a free man, should wish to visit our shores to meet his own spiritual flock, we should give him a respectful welcome.

But if he is a wise man he will be content with his spiritual sovereignty, and studiously avoid the attempt to exercise political power.

For this reason I hope the question of Papal representation on the League of Nations will not be raised.

If raised I hope it will be firmly put aside. We do not want the difficulties of the League increased by the introduction of the ecclesiastical issue.

Such a departure would be a disaster to the League and in the end a disaster to the Church of Rome too.

## Sidelights on "SAFEGUARDING"

*Sir H. Llewellyn Smith, G.C.B., one of the judges*

"SAFEGUARDING" is one of the many "panaceas" that the Government is providing for unemployment. Like a dangerous drug for a chronic complaint, it can only be applied in small doses.

Any application for safeguarding must go before a tribunal consisting of at least three wise, just and honourable persons who are not interested in the industry concerned.

The case for and against the order is presented by counsel supported by a crowd of witnesses, all admittedly *interested* in the verdict.

The industry is "on trial," workers' lives depending on the issue.

THERE is no question about the honesty of the witness, or even the accuracy of his statement. Interested people give evidence without being put *on oath*.

His business has been irrevocably damaged. People in the same line are selling goods cheaper than he can sell them. Unless something is done, his factories will close down, or his workers will have to take lower wages. The evil-doers are, unfortunately, not in Court. They are not even represented. They are foreigners unworthy of a hearing.

But they can be punished. A tax, fine or duty of at least 25 per cent. on the goods they sell will enable him to sell his own goods at a fair margin of "profit."

This is the first mention of the odious word. We dismiss from our minds the suggestion that the enquiry has anything to do with profits. It is obviously a mistake. The witness himself looks a little confused.

BESIDES, are not the workers with him for this application? Capital and Labour hand in hand. An unusual phenomenon.

Safeguarding each other, but surely not for profit?

Was there a notice of a 15½ per cent. reduction in wages?

Has it been suspended pending the result of the enquiry?

In such circumstances could these labour witnesses be charged under the Corrupt Practices Act?

Well, no. For this is only a "mock trial."

The consumer has not yet been called. His job is to pay 25 per cent., at least.

Safeguarding. Is it selfishness?

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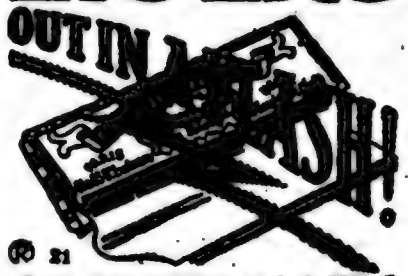


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# A MILLION LIVING REASONS

by E. ROFFE THOMPSON

Mr J. G. Boothby, M.P., Parliamentary Secretary to Mr. Churchill. His recent speech in favour of a resumption of trade with Russia created a deep impression

The Right Hon. Sir Philip Cunliffe-Lister, President of the Board of Trade

An up-to-date "Fordeau" tractor being employed for transporting grain in Russia

I AM going to make a prophecy. I am going to prophesy that one of the battle-cries of the Government at the Election will be "Resumption of Trade with Russia."

To the ordinary man, there has never seemed any more reason for refusing to trade with Russia because she is a Soviet State than there would be for refusing to import American motor-cars because America is a Republic.

Trade with anybody means more work, and therefore less unemployment. It will not need much beyond a little nerve for those who have been preventing trade relations suddenly to turn round and advocate them.

It is such obvious good business. It is also spiking the guns of the Opposition.

There are about 5,000 reasons why we should trade with Russia for all we are worth—and they are all good.

I was almost tempted to say there were a million and a half reasons—on the books of the employment exchanges.

One of the 5,000 reasons is that in the year ending September, 1928, the value of American trade with Russia reached 120,000,000 dollars.

## *Forging ahead*

There is no reason except stupidity why that should not have been British trade to the value of £120,000,000.

Look what Russia is doing: last year she produced 17.5 per cent. more coal than in 1913.

She produced last year 25 per cent. more oil than in any pre-war year.

Her production of agricultural machinery has doubled, her electrical machinery has trebled, and the power derived from her plants has quadrupled.

In 1921, Sir Robert Horne said that Russia would have nothing to sell for many years, and in the same year the *Morning Post* blithely remarked: "Taking into account the recent history and present conditions of Russia, it is confidently and unanimously predicted that no appreciable trade between the two countries will result."

Not quite unanimously, for JOHN BULL has never ceased to stress the folly of cutting off the country's nose to save the politicians' faces. JOHN BULL has never ceased to urge the insanity of allowing our own list of unemployed to grow and grow, while other countries skim the cream off the milk of Russian trade.

No—not unanimously. And when the Election comes, it will not be the first time that we have pointed the way to national reconstruction years before anyone else.

As for Sir Robert Horne's prediction, the answer is that last year Russia's foreign trade amounted to £173,000,000. So that is that!

The Government, of course, will have to forget that it once urged that Russia never paid its trade debts.

Mr. Henry Ford said when he was over here: "I do not know anything about the Soviet, but I do know that Russia is a market. We have done a lot of business over there, but we have always been paid."

Mr. J. S. Nuttall, Chairman of Messrs. Platt Bros. and Co., Ltd., said at the annual meeting of their firm in July last year: "I am pleased to say, and you will be interested to hear, that we have just secured a further order from our Russian friends of £500,000 of machinery to be delivered within the next twelve months, and it is probable that this order will be considerably increased.

"Credit has had to be given to secure this business, but our previous contract with the Soviet Government in 1925 having been so satisfactory, and payments made with such regularity, your directors did not hesitate to accept additional business on credit terms."

## *Credit essential*

Neither did Germany hesitate. She has afforded Russia credit to the extent of 320,000,000 marks.

Even the President of the Board of Trade was forced to tell the truth last year.

He was asked if any cases had come to his notice of the Soviet Government not honouring bills drawn on them.

He replied in the negative.

Why, then, did he in the same answer refuse to extend the provisions of the export guarantee scheme to British-Russian trade?

In any case facts talk, and the net result of all the bother has been that in two years trade between this country and Russia has fallen away by millions of pounds.

In the same period unemployment figures have sky-rocketed with alarming rapidity.

Sir George Paish cannot by any stretch of the imagination be accused of being a Communist. He is not only a sober economist. He is also a man with an international reputation.

## *Telling words*

He recently said:

"If Russia cannot buy other nations cannot sell. We are keeping them, and, I say, deliberately keeping them in a condition of poverty, and the effect is reacting on ourselves.

"We are forcing down the rate of wages in many countries, and in so doing are reducing our own people to the level of these people.

"To-day we have ruled out one of the great buying countries. We regard Russia as an outcast and will have nothing to do with it.

"The effect of that is that we refuse to extend to Russia those facilities we are giving to every other country in the world. We supply no credit whatever to Russia.

"The result is that the Russian farmer cannot get manufactured goods in payment for his wheat, and he refuses to produce.

"Europe has therefore to buy food from other countries.

"Whereas Russia needs the manufactured goods of Europe, the other countries do not need the manufactured goods of Europe, and Europe has got deeper into debt to the United States, especially for food, which ought to be bought from Russia."

## *Face facts!*

That is straight-from-the-shoulder talk that must have made the ears of every member of the Cabinet burn.

Meanwhile American business men are exploiting with the utmost eagerness Russia's vast area and her almost unlimited national resources.

They don't bother about anything, except getting in quickly while we are hanging back.

It is the politician, not the business man, who is restricting our trade with Russia.

But facts are talking at last. They are shrieking aloud. They are lounging at every street corner, and—they have votes.

There is an Election coming very shortly.

See if my prophecy is not right.

*The Human Machine*

## NOW THEN, SLUGGARDS!

ANYONE who thinks he is incapable of tackling life should think over the case of Mr. Harry Robinson, a railway labourer at Leeds.

He once found a French novel that a passenger had left behind in a train. He wanted to read it—so he learned French.

He found his hobby interesting, and he went further. He went so far that he now knows twenty-two languages!

He can converse in French, German, Italian, Spanish, Russian and Danish.

He can read and write in Greek, Dutch, Persian, Esperanto, Swedish, Portuguese, Serbian, Chinese, Hindustani, Arabian, Turkish, Latin, Norwegian, Bulgarian and Japanese.

Even that was not enough for him. He learnt shorthand. He can write both the Pitman and the Gregg system.

And still he carries on daily with his duties as a railway labourer!

It would be a safe bet to prophesy that sooner or later he will reap the rewards of his industry! Ability of that order is not going to be left idle for long!

Here is a picture of self-reliance, of devotion to duty, of interest in a hobby, of pluck, patience and perseverance that would take a lot of beating.

It is a lesson to all who shirk hard work, who grumble at difficulties and who allow life to get on top of them.

And is it not an outstanding proof that every human being has in himself all the possibilities of success if he will only buckle to and do *something* with all his heart and soul?

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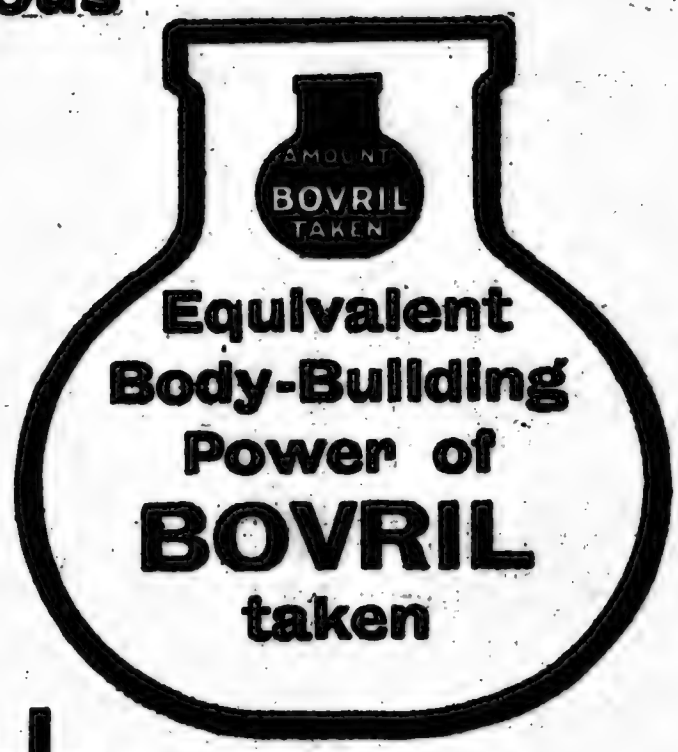


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INVEST 10 CARROTS BUT YOU KNOW I WANT YOU FOR MY VALENTINE TO BE MY DEAR OLD DUTCH NEXT JUNE AND LOVE ME ALL THE TIME

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# PUT IT THERE, PRINCE!

## *Without Fear or Favour*

*by the Editor*

THE Prince of Wales has turned up trumps. The widely credited myth that the "Empire's most popular young man" was only that and not much more has been blown sky-high by the popular young man himself.

There is more in the Prince's present activities in the distressed areas than a formal gesture of sympathy and a personal effort as "publicity agent" for the Lord Mayor's Fund.

He has determined to find out for himself what *is* wrong. His discoveries of the "ghastly" (to use his own word) poverty and suffering in the mining villages, and of the tell-tale pay-sheets of the men who are in work, were not stage-managed by the politicians who have allowed these evils to persist.

Nor, according to our information, were the opinions stage-managed which he has passed on to those whose business it is to hear them.

What actually has been said behind closed doors since the young man's return from the north country is not likely to be published.

The Prince of Wales has devoted himself to the cause of that section of his Royal father's subjects which is in most need of his help.

And he has proved himself to be possessed of all the courage necessary to fight for them.

None but a brave man, possessed of both moral and physical courage, would, in his position, have visited the distressed areas in such fashion.

WE know well how hospitable and how courteous the mining folk are, but it is idle to deny that the temper of the men and women has been worn threadbare by these weary years of misery and hunger.

Significant incidents have been reported from time to time. Others have been suppressed, but are as well known to the Prince as to the Cabinet.

In one coalfield a Member of Parliament was stoned; in another, one of the most popular public men in the country and his wife were greeted with jeers. And so on.

The Prince took the risk. He had faith that the people had faith in him.

He was not mistaken.

The people look to him to exert the great prestige he is gaining to right the wrongs that they have suffered so long.

Neither are they mistaken.

* * *

AMONG the many horny-spectacled sons of anything but manual toil who are seeking to represent the working man in the next Parliament is Mr. Holford Knight, a London barrister.

Mr. Holford Knight, for reasons best known to himself, is seriously perturbed that the late chief of the Criminal Investigation Department, Sir Wyndham Childs, should have joined the staff of JOHN BULL.

### *Official Secrets*

To an I.L.P. meeting at South Nottingham, where he is prospective Labour candidate, Mr. Knight delivered himself as follows:

"The Official Secrets Act must be respected. We are not going to tolerate it being lifted on behalf of this man, in the columns of JOHN BULL, or anywhere else. If he trots out so-called facts—secrets which he gathered in questioning anybody during the war—I hope he will be prosecuted."

Mr. Holford Knight need not worry himself unduly. Sir Wyndham Childs has had a sufficiently remarkable and varied career in the Army, the Secret Service and the Police to fill volumes if he feels inclined without falling foul of the Official Secrets Act, the terms of which he understands better than Mr. Holford Knight.

Such views, too, as he will express from time to time are anything but official views and are not in the least secret.

TO DAY Mr. Winston Churchill receives an influential deputation, which will urge him to restore penny postage.

The spokesmen will remind our Chancellor of the Exchequer that:

### *Back to Red Stamps!*

The Post Office earned a profit of seven and a half million pounds on its last year's trading.

The House of Commons was recently informed that a return to penny postage for all letters, whether open or sealed, is estimated to cause a probable loss of between three and four million pounds a year.

The most acute business brains believe that such a loss would not accrue because the vastly increased Post Office business which penny postage would certainly cause would turn this deficit into a profit.

Nothing, therefore, hinders a return to penny postage—except Mr. Winston Churchill's desire to raid another well-lined "nest" and sneak its eggs.

He plundered the Road Fund. He must not be allowed to plunder the Post Office.

* * *

THE Bank Rate has been raised from 4½ to 5 per cent. Not since the days of war inflation in 1921 has it stood at so high a figure.

And this increase has been effected at the very time when industry cries aloud for cheap money to finance rationalisation and reconstruction.

### *Dear Money*

This increased Bank Rate will definitely and incontestably retard our trade recovery.

The Bank of England, which alone is responsible for the alteration, gives no explanation of its action. It never does. It merely continues to please the financiers at the expense of British industry.

# Whose is th
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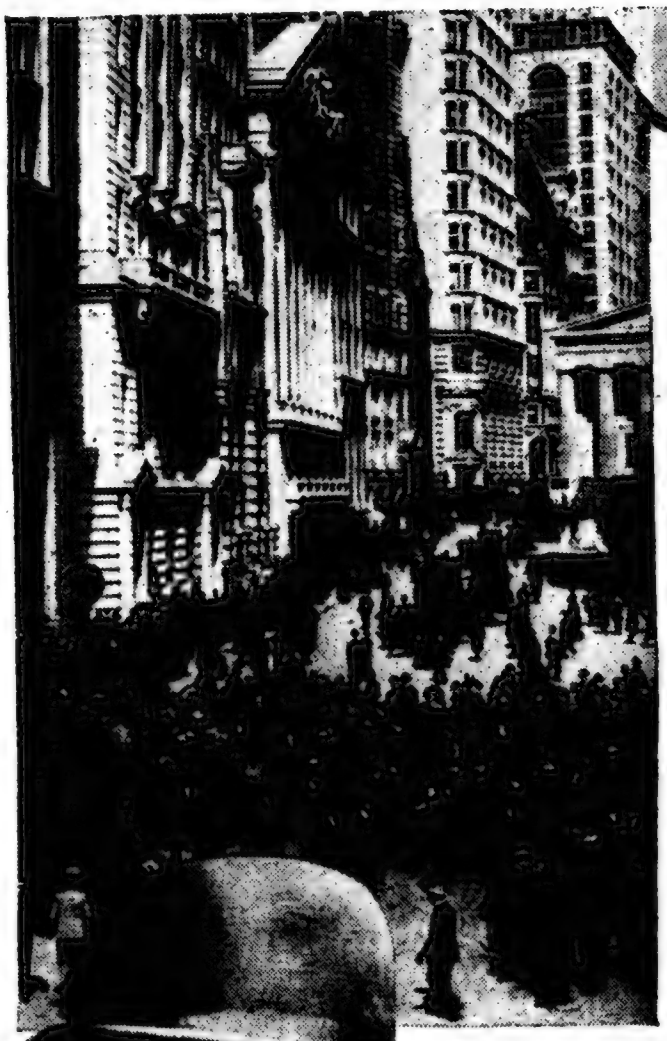
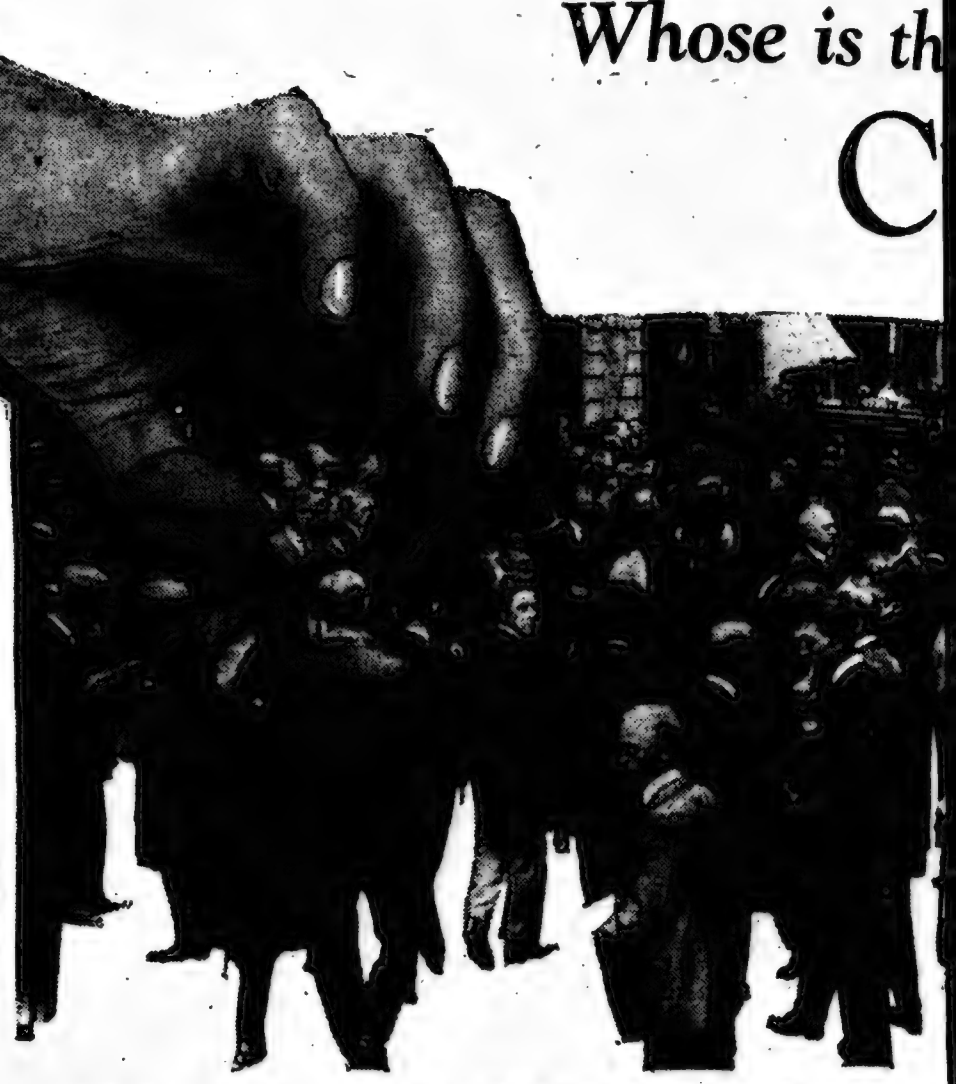


*Wall Street, New York. The Stock Exchange is on the left*



*An excited crowd of busy brokers outside London's Stock Exchange*

*Mr. F. A. Szarvasy, a London millionaire financier with American connections*

AMERICA is rapidly buying up British industry. Here, in Britain, and in every other corner of the globe, the Almighty Dollar is bidding for the ownership, *and with it the control*, of British concerns engaged in manufactures of all kinds.

Day by day, week by week, this American invasion goes on. Each month many million pounds are sunk in British companies and now at least £1,000,000,000 worth of our industry belongs to American citizens.

There is not one of our prosperous industries that is not menaced by the dollar.

The United States has grown so prodigiously rich that its own domestic industrial expansion cannot possibly absorb the wealth created by its post-war wave of prosperity.

Speculation has already forced the prices of American securities so high that a return of little more than 2 per cent. is all that an investor can hope from his purchases.

Therefore, American financiers are scrambling to place their money in sound British undertakings which can show even so modest a profit as 3 per cent.

There are three hundred and fifty investment trusts in America whose pooled resources amount to thousands of millions of pounds. Their agents are scouring Britain by dozens to discover suitable businesses in which to place their money.

Offers are laid before British shareholders tempting them to sell their property, lock, stock and barrel to American purchasers.

In consequence, America already controls no small share of our industries. The Gramophone Company (His Master's Voice) is controlled by the Victor Talking Machine of the United States.

During the past few months American interests have been attempting to capture the Columbia Graphophone Company by means of Stock Exchange purchases.

These efforts have failed, for Mr. Louis Sterling, the managing director of Columbia, refuses to submit to foreign control—although he himself is of American birth and nationality. His example is recommended to the British-born directors of companies who are succumbing to the lure of the dollar.

## Electric shocks!

The electrical is the most completely Americanised of our industries at present.

Through a body known as the Greater London and Counties Trust, American money already controls a large proportion of the undertakings which supply London and its suburbs with light and power.

This trust has bought up the Edmundsons' Electricity Corporation, Ltd., the East Anglian Electrical Co., Ltd., and the Oxford Electric Co., Ltd.

It has also opened negotiations for the purchase of the Sevenoaks and District Electricity Co., Ltd.

These are all recent transactions, nor are they by any means so extensive as former operations.

Some time ago it acquired control in concerns manufacturing electricity in bulk in Bedfordshire, Cambridge, Huntingdon, Oxfordshire, Buckingham, Wiltshire, Gloucestershire and Berkshire.

Such large-scale buying and the trust's admitted ambition to form one immense combine which shall monopolise the production of electricity throughout southern England naturally sent the price of electrical plants rocketing towards the sky.

So, for the time being, the trust is less active than usual, though its comparative quiescence is only a prelude to further purchases on an even larger scale than anything it has hitherto attempted.

## The controlling brain

In this connection, Mr. George Balfour has been also very active. His is the brain which has controlled the activities of Balfour, Beatty and Co., and the Power Securities Corporation, the latter associated with, if not controlled by, the British Thomson-Houston Company—a concern whose share capital has been owned by the General Electric Company of America.

British firms which manufacture electrical machinery and equipment, no less than those which generate electricity, are also threatened.

Thus the British Thomson-Houston Company has now amalgamated with the Metropolitan-Vickers Electrical Company, Edison Swan Electric Company, and Ferguson Pailin and Co. to form a new combine the associated Electrical Industries, Limited—which is capitalised at £11,000,000, and forms by far the largest and most powerful group manufacturing electrical machinery in this country.

Through purchase and through acquisition in the open market, about 40 per cent. of the ordinary share capital of the merger is American owned.

And, in this case, 40 per cent. gives its owners control of the company.

At the present time American interests are busy attempting similar captures of other large firms. So persevering have they grown that the General Electric Co. (of Britain), over which Sir Hugo Hirst presides, has passed a protective resolution to the effect that at the directors' discretion, when any shares are held by foreigners, such shares *shall* forfeit their voting power at the company's meetings.

Thus one, at least, of the great British electric manufacturers is alive to the dollar menace and has scotched American efforts to buy control.

The Marconi International Marine Communication Co., Ltd., has similarly been forced to protect itself against control by United States finance.

Why has America thus concentrated on capturing our electrical industry? The plans of the Central Electricity Board, a British Government body, supplies the answer.

This Board will place orders for £33,000,000 worth of electrical machinery and equipment during the next twelve years—before 1941; while, under the national scheme, an additional £200,000,000 at least will be spent by supply undertakings.

## Our waning prestige

By buying up a large share of our electrical engineering firms, and by extending their scope, Americans hope to earn the majority of the profits.

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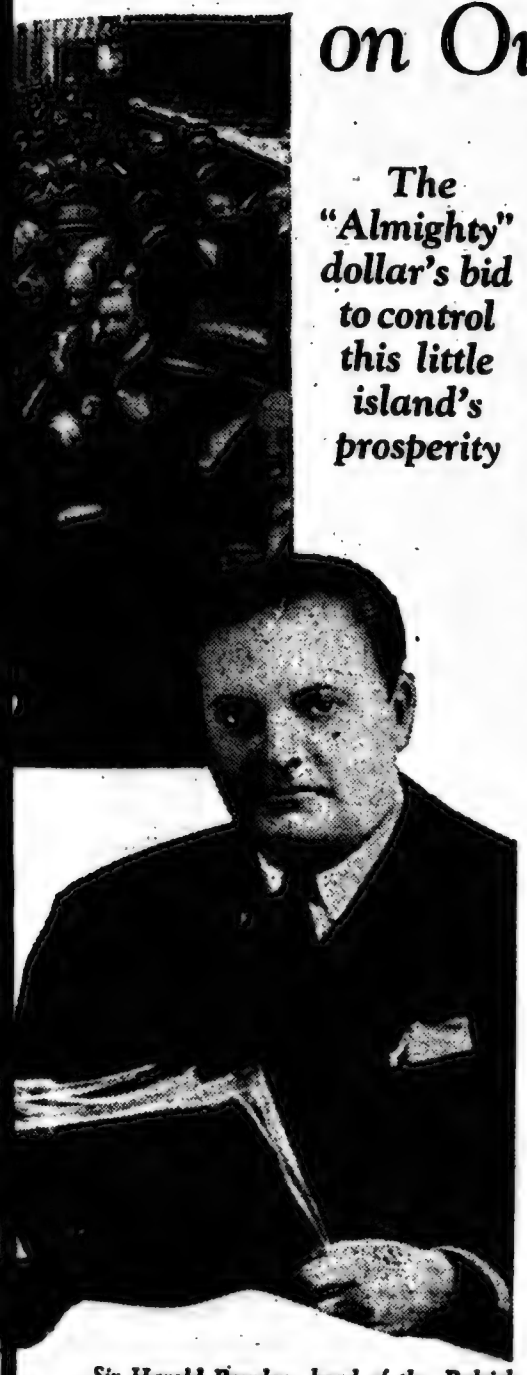

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***The "Almighty" dollar's bid to control this little island's prosperity***

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They welcome American capital, they are terrified by the spectre of American control. Lord Melchett has worked to attract American dollars to Britain, so that they may supply new life-blood to our industries.

He organised the Finance Co. of Great Britain and America, whose real resources are fifty times as large as its not inconsiderable capital of £2,000,000, for the express purpose of commanding American money when he needed it to aid him in his many businesses.

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The Federation of British Industries shares his opinions. It views with growing concern the stranglehold which Americans are obtaining first in one industry then in another, throughout the world.

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They must stipulate that if their property comes into American ownership, the control of that property remains inalienably in the hands of British directors.

Had the men who have sold our electricity undertakings to America been long-sighted enough to do this, there would now be no question of £250,000,000 being spent to the profit of American financiers.

America must learn that although we are ready for her citizens to earn money by investing their capital in Britain, we are absolutely resolved to remain masters in our own house; that no board of American financiers can dictate the terms on which this or that British industry may be allowed to continue its existence.

# Whose is th
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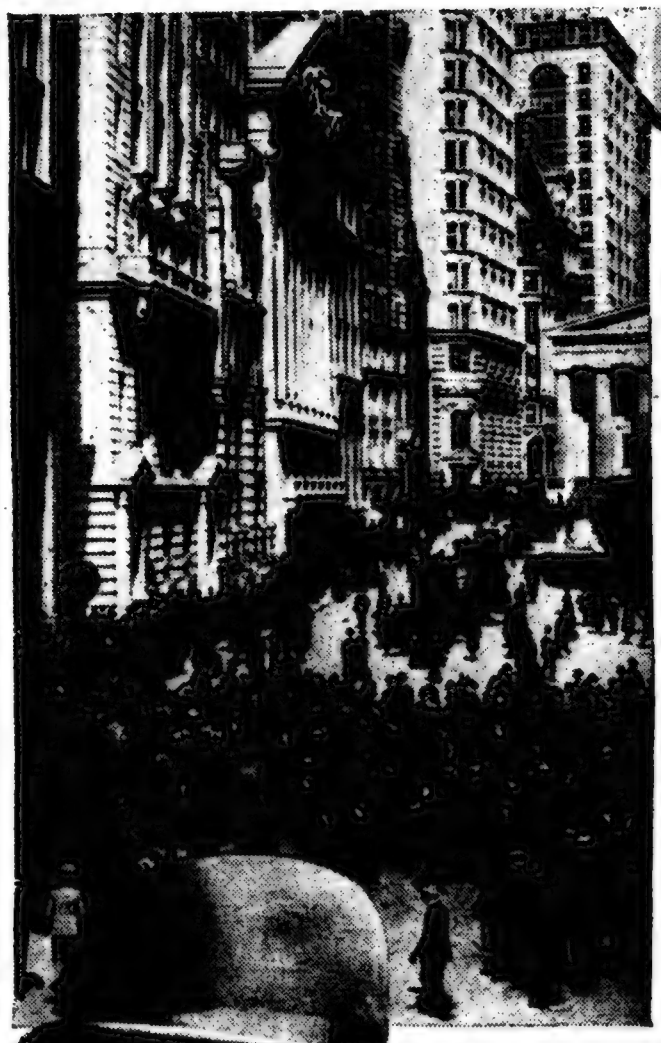

*Wall Street, New York. The Stock Exchange is on the left*

*An excited crowd of busy brokers outside London's Stock Exchange*

*Mr. F. A. Szarvasy, a London millionaire financier with American connections*

AMERICA is rapidly buying up British industry. Here, in Britain, and in every other corner of the globe, the Almighty Dollar is bidding for the ownership, *and with it the control*, of British concerns engaged in manufactures of all kinds.

Day by day, week by week, this American invasion goes on. Each month many million pounds are sunk in British companies and now at least £1,000,000,000 worth of our industry belongs to American citizens.

There is not one of our prosperous industries that is not menaced by the dollar.

The United States has grown so prodigiously rich that its own domestic industrial expansion cannot possibly absorb the wealth created by its post-war wave of prosperity.

Speculation has already forced the prices of American securities so high that a return of little more than 2 per cent. is all that an investor can hope from his purchases.

Therefore, American financiers are scrambling to place their money in sound British undertakings which can show even so modest a profit as 3 per cent.

There are three hundred and fifty investment trusts in America whose pooled resources amount to thousands of millions of pounds. Their agents are scouring Britain by dozens to discover suitable businesses in which to place their money.

Offers are laid before British shareholders tempting them to sell their property, lock, stock and barrel to American purchasers.

In consequence, America already controls no small share of our industries. The Gramophone Company (His Master's Voice) is controlled by the Victor Talking Machine of the United States.

During the past few months American interests have been attempting to capture the Columbia Graphophone Company by means of Stock Exchange purchases.

These efforts have failed, for Mr. Louis Sterling, the managing director of Columbia, refuses to submit to foreign control—although he himself is of American birth and nationality. His example is recommended to the British-born directors of companies who are succumbing to the lure of the dollar.

## Electric shocks!

The electrical is the most completely Americanised of our industries at present.

Through a body known as the Greater London and Counties Trust, American money already controls a large proportion of the undertakings which supply London and its suburbs with light and power.

This trust has bought up the Edmundsons' Electricity Corporation, Ltd., the East Anglian Electrical Co., Ltd., and the Oxford Electric Co., Ltd.

It has also opened negotiations for the purchase of the Sevenoaks and District Electricity Co., Ltd.

These are all recent transactions, nor are they by any means so extensive as former operations.

Some time ago it acquired control in concerns manufacturing electricity in bulk in Bedfordshire, Cambridge, Huntingdon, Oxfordshire, Buckingham, Wiltshire, Gloucestershire and Berkshire.

Such large-scale buying and the trust's admitted ambition to form one immense combine which shall monopolise the production of electricity throughout southern England naturally sent the price of electrical plants rocketing towards the sky.

So, for the time being, the trust is less active than usual, though its comparative quiescence is only a prelude to further purchases on an even larger scale than anything it has hitherto attempted.

## The controlling brain

In this connection, Mr. George Balfour has been also very active. His is the brain which has controlled the activities of Balfour, Beatty and Co., and the Power Securities Corporation, the latter associated with, if not controlled by, the British Thomson-Houston Company—a concern whose share capital has been owned by the General Electric Company of America.

British firms which manufacture electrical machinery and equipment, no less than those which generate electricity, are also threatened.

Thus the British Thomson-Houston Company has now amalgamated with the Metropolitan-Vickers Electrical Company, Edison Swan Electric Company, and Ferguson Pailin and Co. to form a new combine the associated Electrical Industries, Limited—which is capitalised at £11,000,000, and forms by far the largest and most powerful group manufacturing electrical machinery in this country.

Through purchase and through acquisition in the open market, about 40 per cent. of the ordinary share capital of the merger is American owned.

And, in this case, 40 per cent. gives its owners control of the company.

At the present time American interests are busy attempting similar captures of other large firms. So persevering have they grown that the General Electric Co. (of Britain), over which Sir Hugo Hirst presides, has passed a protective resolution to the effect that at the directors' discretion, when any shares are held by foreigners, such shares *shall* forfeit their voting power at the company's meetings.

Thus one, at least, of the great British electric manufacturers is alive to the dollar menace and has scotched American efforts to buy control.

The Marconi International Marine Communication Co., Ltd., has similarly been forced to protect itself against control by United States finance.

Why has America thus concentrated on capturing our electrical industry? The plans of the Central Electricity Board, a British Government body, supplies the answer.

This Board will place orders for £33,000,000 worth of electrical machinery and equipment during the next twelve years—before 1941; while, under the national scheme, an additional £200,000,000 at least will be spent by supply undertakings.

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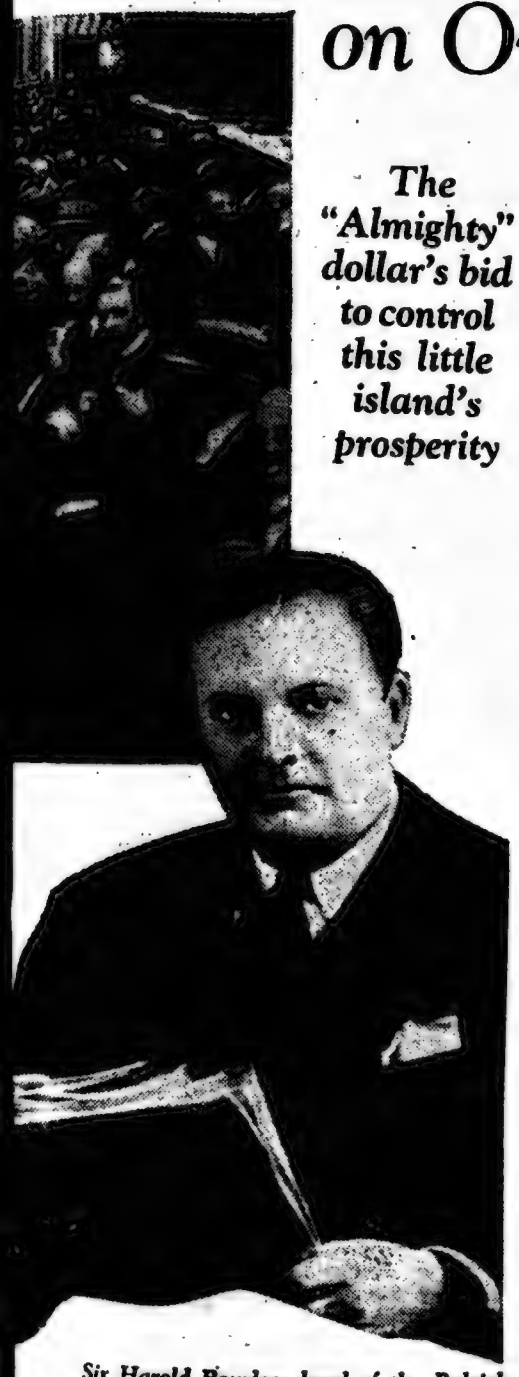

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# KIDNEYS

## Excruciating Pain Banished

*"I have unbounded pleasure in adding my testimony to that of the many users of Kruschen Salts. For some considerable time I have suffered from acute kidney trouble, and my experience has been that the regular daily dose of Kruschen Salts has given speedy and effectual relief from what has been an excruciating and depressing malady, which threatened to recur if a sustained lapse in the habit of taking Kruschen Salts occurred. The benefit I am now feeling is solid and enduring—I have no doubt at all that it is directly due to the great medical value of Kruschen."*

*W. G., Stowmarket, Suffolk.*

*17th January*, 1928.

The kidneys are the filters of the human machine. Their function is to prevent certain poisons from entering the bloodstream. Unless this poisonous matter is expelled from the system every day, it sets up inflammation in the tissues and causes those excruciating pains.

Kruschen (which is combination of six different salts) keeps the kidneys working as Nature intended they should. Kruschen cannot fail to do this: it has never failed yet.

*Tastele.s in Tea.*

# KRUSCHEN SALTS

**Good Health for a Farthing a Day**

Every chemist sells Kruschen in 6d., 1/-, and 1/9 bottles. A 1/9 bottle lasts three months—a farthing a day for health and happiness. Start to-morrow.

# corns

## Picked out—root and all

Why endure the stabbing, shooting pain of corns, when to remove corns, root and all, is as easy as A.B.C. after Radox footbaths? This gentleman suffered for years until he tried Radox. Fifteen minutes later his corn was out, root and all! Here is the letter:—

*"I have had bad feet ever since I can remember and have tried dozens of preparations without success. About a week ago I decided to give Radox Bath Salts a test. The result was wonderful. After fifteen minutes' immersion I was able to remove my corn, root and all. My feet now are never tired, and I can walk miles without being fatigued. There is nothing so irritating as a bad corn, and to those who suffer with this irritant my advice is 'Use Radox.'"*

*Mr. P. N., Stratford.*

*3rd January*, 1929.

When you put your feet into a footbath containing Radox the salts soften the hard outer layers of the corn, and the oxygen which Radox liberates enters the pores, opens them, and penetrates further and further, carrying the corn-softening salts right to the root of the corn, which is thus loosened so that it may be lifted out bodily. The life-giving oxygen leaves the feet clean and healthy. Since it is the oxygen which carries the corn solvents to the root of the corn, and since Radox liberates, by test, more oxygen than any other salts on the market, it is clear that Radox is more efficient in removing corns than other salts

**1/6**

*Half-Pound Pink Packet*

# Radox Bath Salts

**Give your Feet that "Kruschen Feeling."**

Ask for Radox at your chemist's, price 1/6 per ½-lb. Pink Packet, and 2/6 double quantity.


*Real Life Stories—*

*—by Famous Authors*

# His Last Letter

by STORM JAMESON

*another "TRUTH is STRANGER than FICTION" story*

*It was a simple letter. As simple as dying. And as difficult as birth . . .*

*Illustrated by Comerford Watson*

WHEN I was younger I was very poor. Very poor indeed. Just after the war I was living in the attic of a tall, thin house in the Gray's Inn district.

There was a faintly dubious flavour about that house, which I was too inexperienced to diagnose. On the floor below me lived a middle-aged doctor who did not practise. On the floor below that lived the man with the cough. Below him—on the first floor—lived a pretty young woman, very young and very gay. She told me that she was a photographer's model.

Our landlady kept the ground floor for herself and her many visitors, who came and went at unseasonable hours. Somewhere in the basement lived Maud—whose job it was to keep the house's body and soul together.

* * *

AT eight o'clock every morning Maud brought up my breakfast—if you could call it breakfast. Half an hour later, inadequately nourished, I set off down the long, dark staircase.

If the doctor's door was open I called good morning. He was a kindly soul. I fled past the cough, which every day sounded in my ears more shattering.

The gay young woman was invisible in the mornings. My landlady, on the contrary, sat up in bed clad in an amorphous wrapper and waved a piece of bacon on the end of her fork when I passed her open door.

Sometimes I sat in the doctor's room in the evening. He made cocoa on a spirit-stove for me and fried sausages on the fire. Since I could afford neither fire nor supper I was glad of him.

In the pauses of our conversation we listened to "Jimmie" coughing in the room below. The gay young woman had discovered his Christian name—I don't know how. Probably she asked.

"Can't you do anything for him?" I asked.

"Why," said my friend, "he isn't going to die, you know. He can be put right. I go in and talk to him most afternoons. We're by way of being friends. He says he's writing a book. He has some money. He's a colonel, retired. Every Friday he goes to his bank and draws £15. He keeps five and posts the rest in a registered envelope to his wife."

"Why isn't she looking after him? Doesn't she know he's ill?"

"He isn't very bad. When he finishes the book he's going to Switzerland to be cured quickly."

I felt angry with him. "Why don't you tell him to go at once?"

"No use . . . he wouldn't go."

"His wife——"

"His wife lives in Devonshire. She isn't strong enough for London. He writes to her every day. I post the letters. Now and then she replies."

"You ought to tell her to write more often," I said furiously.

He smiled at me. Feeling very young and angry and uncertain I got up and left him. And my cocoa. When I was in my attic I cried bitterly—but whether for Jimmie or my foregone cocoa or my bad manners I cannot swear . . . . .

Sometime in the middle of that same night a gentle knocking on my door woke me. I stood shaking on the cold canvas-covered floor. A foolish terror of the house and the night together rushed up and down in my body. Then I heard the doctor's voice. I pressed myself against the door to listen.

"What is it?"

HIS voice was quietly urgent. "Get something on and come down. The Colonel is very ill and I need help—hæmorrhage.

"Is he——?"

"Dying? No. Not to-night. Hurry."

Death was less cold and frightening than the idiot terror I had got the better of. I dressed and went down to the Colonel's room. I had never seen inside it before.

A big bed stood against one wall. An electric lamp and a gas-fire lit and warmed it. It was furnished in heavy respectable mahogany. There was a hard sort of carpet and a big sort of armchair.

I approached the bed with a sick

(*Continued on page 24*)

# TAKE A WHOLE MONTH'S FREE USE OF THIS SUPERB FURNITURE BEFORE YOU PAY ANYTHING

GOOD as it looks in the picture—this beautiful furniture will look best of all in your own home. That is why we are anxious that you should have it for a whole month before you *begin* to pay for it. Order now. For this Furniture forms part of a limited stock, representing

## SPECIAL BARGAIN PURCHASES direct from the Manufacturers

**WRITE FOR FREE CATALOGUE AND FULL PARTICULARS**

***Delivered without any payment.***

Further special purchase of the famous "YAGERPHONE," to cope with the overwhelming rush of orders. Console model, constructed of Oak, beautifully carved, with square legs—a novel feature. Garrard motor, automatic arm support and all latest mechanical improvements. 35 in. high, 30½ in. wide and 18 in. deep **£10-10-0**

*Purchase effected by 35 equal payments of* **6/-** *beginning ONE MONTH after acceptance of order*

PER MONTH

*We pay customers' fares to London on all orders of £30 and over.*

***Delivered without any payment.***

100 only—Special Purchase of Bedroom Suites, soundly constructed of beautifully figured Oak, polished a rich antique brown. Comprising 3 ft. wardrobe with brass rod and sliding books inside, large shaped mirror in door; 2 ft. 9 in. dressing table fitted with two drawers and large frameless mirror; 2 ft. chest of three drawers and one rush seat chair ... ... ... ... ... ... **£14-14-0**

*Purchase effected by 36 equal payments of* **8/3** *beginning ONE MONTH after acceptance of order.*

PER MONTH

A limited number of these suites available with bevelled mirrors, at £15-15-0.

## WRITE FOR FREE CATALOGUE & NEW LIST OF GRAMOPHONES & PIANOS

Not until four weeks after acceptance of order do you make your first monthly payment. You get free Fire and Life Insurance, and are fully protected should misfortune prevent you from completing the payments.

Hours 9 till 6. Saturdays 9 till 1.

Our only Address. We have no Branches.

The Midland Furniture Galleries

22-30, Southampton Row, Holborn, LONDON, W.C.1.

*Special Discounts:* 10% for cash. 5% for payment within 12 months. 2½% for payment within 2 years. (Deducted from full amount of order.) No interest added.

# Keep alert at the wheel

WRIGLEY'S overcomes that drowsy feeling so often experienced by motorists. The very act of chewing keeps you fresh and alert; also the healthful cleansing action of Wrigley's freshens the mouth and steadies the nerves.

Dentists and medical men recommend the regular use of Wrigley's after every meal—because it aids digestion and keeps the teeth in good condition.

Use Wrigley's—the sweet of refinement and good health. In two flavours—P.K., a true peppermint flavour—Spearmint, a pure mint leaf flavour.

# WRIGLEY'S

E.J. 10

5 for 10D.

The best is good enough for me.

I recommend every smoker who seeks a new and delightful experience to try a Manikin.

To me a Manikin is one of the few really good things of life—its flavour gives me the satisfaction of a pre-war Havana, and its price justifies my taste for luxury.

10d. buys 5 at any Tobacconist's.

MANIKIN
·CIGARS·
MILD HAVANA FLAVOUR
5 FOR 10D.
All Tobacconists Sell Manikins

## *His Last Letter*—*Continued from page 22*

feeling in the pit of my stomach. For the rest of that night I did what I was told.

Once the doctor asked for talc powder to put on his hands, and I was ashamed to confess I had none.

I descended a floor and knocked on the gay young woman's door. She called "Come in." I opened the door on a room brightly lit, and a bed that held the gay young woman and a fair, self-possessed young man in blue pyjamas.

They were sitting up side by side, smoking. I took the talc powder from a littered table and retreated.

ON the way upstairs I fought with tears. Why was I lonely and shabby and poor? The doctor was bending over Jimmie's marble washstand. Jimmie lay so still that for a second I thought he had died, and stood rooted, clutching the flask of powder.

He wasn't dead. At seven o'clock I went wearily upstairs to take my bath in a basin of luke-warm water. I could not eat Maud's breakfast because my throat had tightened up. I went off to work, thinking less of the Colonel than of myself.

I seem always to have been cold and hungry in those days, but that day I was colder and hungrier than ever.

I sat up beside Jimmie's bed half the next night. He had jibbed angrily at the suggestion of a nurse, saying he had no money or patience for one. The day after that was Saturday, and in the afternoon I offered the doctor to sit there again. He looked at me.

"How old are you?"

"You know I'm twenty-three," I said suspiciously.

"Then you'd better be out playing with the other babies," he said.

Afraid I should cry again, I insisted roughly on having my way. The Colonel was propped up in bed now. I talked to him shyly. He was about forty-five, I think, and very thin, with something childish and perplexed in his expression.

"You're very kind to me, you and the doctor," he said.

"If I could only do something for you," I muttered.

HE doubled a piece of the sheet in his hand. "You could write a letter for me," he said abruptly.

I found paper and my pen, and waited.

He did not look at me. "It's a very special sort of letter—to my wife." He turned his head slightly. "That's a photograph of her."

I looked over my shoulder at a "studio portrait," and saw an uncommonly pretty girl, carefully posed, with a face from which all expression had been erased. She had a faint air of affectation, which I put down to the horrid artistry of the photographer.

"You can see for yourself," the Colonel said, "that she is something too—too exquisite for a stupid sort of fellow like me. But—when we were married first—we were awfully happy. She used to call me Bruggles, because I'm clumsy. It made her laugh, my clumsiness. She'd laugh out and say: 'Oh, Bruggles, how could you!' when I did something stupid." He flushed. "Do you see?" he appealed to me.

I SAID I did. I was agonisingly sorry for him. I hated his wife, too.

"She had to go down to Devonshire a year ago, poor little darling, when I was still at the War Office. At first I went down to see her every week-end.

"Then I started this cough . . . I daresay I ought to have taken things in hand at once, but—I had something to do. My book, you know." (He said "my book" with an indescribable tenderness.)

"The specialist fellow said there was no reason why I shouldn't stay in England another six months—if I were careful. I wanted this book for my wife. It's an explanation, in a way.

"You see . . . I'm a fool. I can't talk to her as I'd like to. She's such a delicate little thing—and quick—and clever. She—*flashes*. You'd have expected her to be more impatient with me than she was . . .

"There's a set of them down there where she is in Devonshire—very intelligent, they are—writers and so on. Her sort, you know. Somehow I can't keep up with them at all. I used to sit like a stuck pig while everyone else was talking . . . They were quite kind to me, but you could see they knew I was a bit of a fool."

He hesitated. "The idea of this book came to me," he said apologetically . . .

He sighed and smiled. "Well, I shan't get it finished yet. Somehow I don't see myself writing it in one of those infernal *cure* places. . . ." He turned to me with the air of a man taking a desperate step. "It'll have to be a letter. I'm afraid it's going to be a long one. Do you mind?"

I shook my head. It had been impressed on me by the doctor that he must not exert himself in any way. But I hadn't the courage to oppose him.

THE letter began:

*"My Sweet,—I never was clever enough for you. But we were awfully happy until you went away. We* WERE *happy, weren't we? Do you remember getting very tired so that I had to nurse you until you could sleep?*

*"You said: 'I don't mind your being such a clumsy Bruggles, because you're such a nice large one.' It's a long time since you're wanted to be nursed asleep, my only one . . .*

*"There were always so many people round you when I came down to see you. I never could get one word with you alone. I've always thought that if I could have you to myself for a whole day everything would be cleared up. I could talk to you . . ."*

There were several pages of it. Slowly and patiently he went through all his reasons for wanting her to come to him, and struggled to find words for his obscure dreadful fear that he had already lost her.

It was a simple letter, as simple as dying. And as difficult as birth. Sweat rolled down his face and fell on his hands. I daren't stop him. Once begun, he couldn't have stopped. If I'd taken away the ink and paper, he'd have written it in blood on his pillow.

"You haven't really told her how ill you are," I said.

"I've said enough," he said sharply. His voice softened. "She'll be frightened, my poor dear, to get a letter from me in a stranger's writing."

We were three hours writing it. When it was finished he slid down in bed, exhausted. Filled with terror and remorse, I started to get the doctor. Jimmie beckoned me nearer.

"If you wouldn't mind posting it to-night. She'll get it on Monday. She might come up that very day. Or the next. Or she might write a long letter instead of coming at once. You needn't bother that doctor fellow. I think I shall sleep now."

He shut his eyes with a queer air of content. I suppose he felt he'd done everything a clumsy, stupid Bruggles could do.

He had another haemorrhage on the Tuesday morning, but rallied quickly. He wouldn't have his wife wired for, but agreed that the doctor should write a letter to her.

No letter came for him all that day. On Wednesday morning he had two letters in the first post. Neither of them was from his wife.

About three in the afternoon a sudden impulse moved me to ring up the doctor on the office telephone to ask whether the letter had come in the second post.

"No," he said. "No . . ." And added: "He's dead, my dear. He died an hour ago."

I hung up the receiver without answering him. It didn't *matter* to me that a man called "Jimmie" was dead. But I wanted to cry, or to get out of London. I felt tired and stupid.

AS I left the office I ran into a young man from my own town, waiting for me. My spirits leaped in an instant so high that for two pins I would have sung, or danced on the pavement, or kissed him. He had exactly two hours between trains.

"You look half-fed," he said candidly. "Let's go to some really nice place and eat a large tea."

The really nice place was warm and full of lights and cushions. I tucked my shabby shoes under my chair and looked at a bowl of daffodils on a table. So light, so airy-fine they were, that I half expected them to float off their thin green stalks. They filled me with an exquisite happiness.

At the next table two women were sitting—youngish women, in furs and pretty hats. One of them took a letter from her bag and began to unfold the sheets. Her clear voice carried easily to our table.

"Isn't it funny?" she said. "They've forwarded me a letter from Jimmie, though I told them not to bother. What would he say if he knew I'd been in town a week? . . . . He'd expect me to sit and hand him his pens. Me as Dora Copperfield! . . . . He's writing a book. Can't you imagine what it will be like . . . ."

I stared stupidly at her fingers, which had now finished smoothing out sheets of paper covered with my writing. She began to read the top one. A little shriek of laughter broke from her.

"My *dear*! *Too* delicious. Do listen to this. What can have possessed him. *My sweet, I never was clever enough for you. But we were awfully happy until you went away.*"

SHE hesitated. A queer air of doubt crossed her face. For a moment I thought she was going to put the letter back in her bag. Then she gave herself a little jerk, her clear laughter rang out again, and her clear little voice went on reading aloud, with smothered bursts of laughter from both of them.

"*Bruggles—nursed to sleep*—My dear! *If you were only here, my only love, I should get better at once.* He's ill. He should get some girl to write for him. I expect she felt deliciously sentimental about him. Can't you see him getting red in the face and stammering and peering at her with his round eyes—pages of it! Listen to this bit . . ."

I looked at the bowl of daffodils. I thought they should have changed in some way. But they were still the same. A waiter was approaching with our large tea. I stood up.

"I feel ill," I said.

I ran out of the restaurant. Out and stumbling, I ran down the crowded street. The bitter wind dried the tears on my face. Fresh ones fell, and I rubbed them away as I ran.

NEXT WEEK:

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*True Life Story:*

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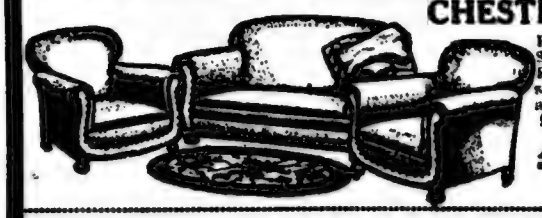
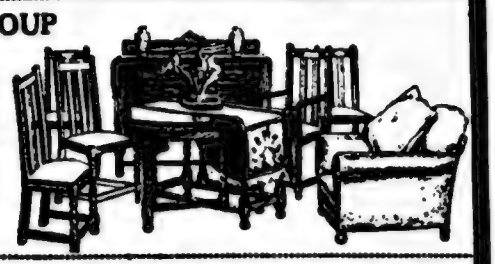


Full size, well sprung 3 piece Settee, covered in first class Rexine. Suite consists of full size Chesterfield at £5 12s. 6d. and 2 roomy Armchairs at £4 7s. 6d. each. COMPLETE £14 : 8 : 0 6/- monthly after. SEND 6/- ONLY

### BEDROOM GROUP

Any portion of this Suite can be delivered on a proportionate monthly payment. Very pretty Suite, suitable for small room. Soundly constructed in Oak. Wardrobe fitted with hanging rod, Dressing Table with 2 deep drawers and Mirror, Dressing chest with large Cupboard, and 1 Chair, £14 15s. 6d. 4 ft. 6 in. Bedstead, complete with Spring Mattress, Overlay, Feather Bolster and 2 Pillows, £9 12s. 6d. SEND COMPLETE, £24 10s. 0d. 10/- monthly after. 10/- ONLY.

### DINING ROOM GROUP



Charming Dark Oak Dining Room Suite in Solid Oak. 4 ft. Sideboard, with two Drawers and two cupboards, £7 2s. 6d. Gate-leg Table 4 ft. by 3 ft., £3 5s. 0d. Four small chairs and Carver Chair with Rexine Seats, £3 19s. 6d. Cosy Easy Chair in Rexine, £3 3s. 0d. SEND COMPLETE, £19 10s. 0d. 10/- monthly after. 10/- ONLY.

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# One hand, John *please*

It's not that young John doesn't know how to behave at table . . . he's just like any other healthy boy when the Currant Bread is being passed to him. Wants to help himself with both hands, bless him. And no wonder! Currant Bread is as health-giving as it is delicious. And that is why you should make sure it contains *real* Currants.

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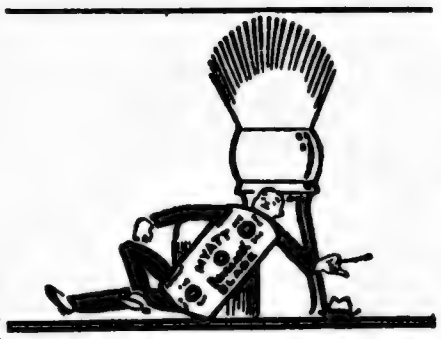


**SHAVE WITH A RESTED BLADE**

**With an ordinary safety razor blade it's pure luck whether you work one edge to death before the other is half used, or not.**

**That's why so many razor blades die young.**

**But Myatt Blades are Daymarked. Every one has the days of the week marked on it in such a way that by turning the blade to the day marked you use and rest each edge in regular rotation.**

**The blade gets fair treatment and lives to a ripe old age. Your chin is kept smooth and your pocket kept full.**

**Shave with the Daymark Blade.**

MADE IN ENGLAND: SOLD EVERYWHERE.

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**PATENT DAYMARK BLADES**

*For Gillette Type Razors only.*

**FOR 1/3 FIVE**

*Sole Manufacturers:* W. J. Myatt & Co., Ltd., *Contractors to H.M. Govt.*, Argent Works, Birmingham.

# EGGS *with a* SECRET HISTORY

*Viscount Folkestone (left) and the Hon. Walter Guinness, M.P., inspecting the packing process at a new Wiltshire egg packing station at Hungerford*

AS a nation, we consume a very small number of eggs—only 140 a year per head. Canada consumes 337.

Yet we have the highest class of poultry farmer of any country, and if only we ate a normal number of eggs we could, on expert authority, increase our 36,000,000 birds to at least 72,000,000.

Countless people have doubtless been "put off" eggs because they have eaten the disgusting cheap imported varieties which are sold under misleading titles.

There are probably tens of thousands of us who have never had a new-laid egg in our lives.

Stale eggs pour into this country from every quarter of the Globe. Every year 1,000 million eggs are imported from Denmark, Holland, Belgium and other near countries, and over 2,000 million from distant countries, such as Poland, Russia, Morocco and China.

For every 100 English new-laid eggs consumed in this country, we eat 150 stale eggs from overseas!

This is bad enough, but there is an even graver side to it than the financial one.

Imported eggs, sold to the public under false pretences, are not only ruining our farmers, but they are slowly but surely devitalising and poisoning the nation.

Many people imagine that there is little difference between a new-laid egg and a preserved one, except that the former, is more tasty.

They are wrong. Doctors state that eggs are a vitally important part of our daily diet. They are sealed packets of tonic—when they are fresh.

Up to ten or twelve days after an egg is laid, little change takes place, but after this it becomes less digestible.

## *Menace to health*

After twenty days it begins to lose all its value as a food, and, unless, it is perfectly preserved, it is apt to become injurious.

Even the eggs which reach us from the near countries cannot be put on the market in less than fourteen days. As to the millions of musty eggs which come to us from across the world, who can say what harm they do to the nation's health?

People buy them because they are sold at twelve a shilling under the label of "English" or "New laid," when real English new-laid eggs are twice or three times this price.

We recommend the eminent doctors who write articles on diet for the newspapers to tell the public the truth about eggs. They would be surprised if they knew what ignorance there is on the subject even among food officials.

A short time ago, the Chief Inspector of Food at Hull actually said in the witness box that he thought an egg remained new laid for about two months!

Is it any wonder, in face of such ignorance, that out present system of laws regulating the sale and distribution of eggs leave us at the mercy of careless and fraudulent dealers?

The Sale of Food Order provides that "A person shall not sell or offer or expose for sale, whether by wholesale or retail, as fresh eggs or new-laid eggs, or under any description of which the words "fresh" or "new laid" form part, any eggs which have been imported into the United Kingdom, unless the description also includes the word "imported," or word or words disclosing the country of origin."

## *Loopholes in the law*

What this imposing order amounts to is a direct permission to label foreign eggs "English" so long as the words "fresh" or "new laid" are not used, and this is done all over the country. So far as we can see, the new regulations are not going to make things any better.

Sometimes the salesman is dishonest, and sometimes it is the supplier. Some salesmen sell stale eggs to their customers honestly believing that they are new laid. Others sell eggs as new laid knowing that they are nothing of the kind.

Legislation, and nothing but legislation, can save the country from this scandalous state of affairs.

Much more vigorous action is required from the Ministry of Agriculture. It is not the slightest use *advising* unscrupulous dealers to fall into line. They must be compelled to grade their eggs so that the public knows what it is buying.

As things are at present, stale imported eggs are palmed off even on sick people, for hospitals are hoodwinked just as fatally as hotels, restaurants and catering firms.

One of the biggest hospitals in London sent out tenders for a supply of British new-laid eggs of the first grade for July, August and September of last year.

One tender was turned down because the price asked was 1s. 10d. a dozen. Yet at that time new-laid English eggs were selling at about 2s. 4d. a dozen.

In other words, the hospital intended to buy eggs at the cheapest price—that is, thoroughly stale foreign eggs.

Imagine the effect of these on sick people. A short time ago a high medical authority stated that nurses in hospitals often have to break a dozen eggs before they dare give one to a delicate patient.

We should like to know why hospitals, committees or caterers are allowed to issue tenders for the supply of eggs? Hospitals do not send out tenders for the supply of drugs, but buy the best and purest they can.

We should like to see all eggs marked with the name of the country from which they come, so that purchasers will at any rate have some idea of how fresh they are likely to be.

It will not be an easy thing to pass this measure, because unfortunately certain people are making too much money out of the game to give in without a struggle.

Whenever a proposal is made to mark foreign eggs compulsorily, these people are ready with the retort, "What, advertise foreign produce?"

To these we would reply, "Most certainly. We will advertise a great many eggs which come into this country as thoroughly bad."

The Danes always mark their eggs because they are proud of them and wish people to know that they are Danish. Most of the other imported eggs are not marked. Why? In three cases out of four, because they are palmed off on the public under false pretences.

Large numbers of people have gone into the poultry farming business since the war, and now many of them, unable to cope with unfair foreign competition, are reduced almost to bankruptcy.

## *Big effort wanted*

For this the existence of any middleman at all is often given as the cause, but it is really far more the result of official negligence and inaction.

Anything that increases the consumption of new-laid eggs is bound to benefit the poultry farmer enormously. If everyone could be persuaded to eat even twenty extra eggs a year this would mean 900,000 extra eggs sold, or, say, five to six millions sterling.

By passing various market regulations Canada has increased her annual consumption per head by 120. We could double or even treble our consumption if we took the proper steps.

Poultry farming is not an industry that we can afford to play the fool with. We have the finest pasturage and soil for producing eggs of any country in the world.

Moreover, the industry offers prospects of immense development, with hopes of healthy employment for thousands who are now on the "dole."

# JACK HULBERT *Blindfolded picks* SARONY

"Obviously, the best way to judge the merits of anything—from cars to cigarettes—is to put all the 'possibles' through their paces and see who wins. In testing five different cigarettes, blindfolded, I picked out one cigarette whose smoothness and flavour appealed to me particularly. I found I had merely recognised that cigarette which I enjoy so much. It was a Sarony."

*Jack Hulbert, the famous Actor-Manager & Producer*

Jack Hulbert

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The blindfolded smoker tries five leading brands. Fresh coffee is at hand to be sipped between each cigarette, to clear the taste. Only one question is asked: "Which did you enjoy most?" Sarony's famous *smoothness*, and complete absence of bite or parch, is obtained by extraordinary care in tobacco leaf selection. A very careful blending of only picked leaves from a group of certain choice tobaccos gives Saronys their soothing, fragrant smoothness, so "you can tell the difference even blindfolded."

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*Caught out at Last.*

**CELERY DOES IT!**

ONCE it gets into your system rheumatism has a long innings.

The usual remedies can't catch it and throw it out.

But there is one thing that will do it—and that is the active principle of golden celery which forms the basis of this new and certain remedy—

**FULLER'S CELERY PERLES.**

The first day or so the grip of rheumatism is loosened from the joints and bone structures, then, once dislodged, Fuller's Celery Perles relentlessly drive it out of your system—once and for all. Sciatica, Gout, Lumbago and Rheumatism cannot stand against this new scientific remedy more than three days. Fuller's Celery Perles are the epoch-making discovery of a London Research Chemist. It is sweeping the country—thousands of grateful letters are being received from people who have been cured of Rheumatism by this remarkable discovery, some of whom never expected to recover. Here is one from Miss C. S. EVANS, 18 West Mall, Clifton, Bristol:—

"*Fuller's Celery Perles have worked a miracle with me. Celery did it! After seven years of agony—unable to get about—your Celery Perles put me on my feet in a week or so. I feel more like 47 than my real age—77!!*"

So sure are we that your rheumatism will go in a week or so that we give you this

**£100 GUARANTEE**

to refund your money in full if you send back the remainder in 7 days and say you are not completely overjoyed at the rapid recovery.

Now, take this quick and certain way to quick and certain relief. Go along to Boots or any Chemists, to-day, and buy a bottle of Fuller's Celery Perles.

**3/-** size (10 days course for ordinary cases) | **5/-** size (21 days course for chronic cases)

If your Chemist is sold out (which is quite likely, for the demand is swelling daily), send the Coupon below with postal order and you will be supplied direct at once. The Fuller Laboratories, 1, Crutched Friars, London, E.C.3.

**COUPON**

**Fill in and post to the Fuller Laboratories, 1, Crutched Friars, London, E.C.3 (½d. stamp on an unsealed envelope will do).**

Dear Sirs,—Send me 3/- size / 5/- size Fuller's Celery Perles for which I enclose postal order.

Name .....

Address .....

J.B. .....D.A.5

# DEBRETT *in* SHIRT-SLEEVES!

*Major the Honourable Henry Lygon is Mine Host of the "Hand and Shears" in Smithfield*

*Lord Burgh has a millinery establishment and designs all the hats himself*

## *They Work for their Living, Now!*

DURING the past nine months death duties have yielded the Treasury the immense sum of £60,360,000.

This figure is a record, and at the back of it there lies a vivid human story.

Slowly but surely wealth is passing from the big landed proprietors into the coffers of the Exchequer.

Gone are the days when our young lords were content to live lives of idleness and pleasure, knowing full well that they would never have to lift a finger to earn their bread and butter.

Super-tax and agricultural depression have skimmed the cream off the incomes from the big estates, and death duties have made serious inroads into the supplies of even ducal daily bread.

The result is that peers have to go out into the world now and earn their living like the rest of us.

At one time the only professions which were thought fit for young men of noble birth to enter were the Navy, the Army, the Civil Service and the Church.

Before the Boer War the Army was a sort of club for gentlemen of position who had plenty of money to spend and not much inclination for hard work.

Peace-time soldiering was a pleasant way for young lords to pass their time while they were waiting to come into the family money.

Commercial professions were thought to be beneath men of title. Even the City was no place for a lord.

### *The pioneer peer*

The first peer to break with old-established traditions was the Marquis of Cambridge, who entered the wine trade.

This was in the days when people used the expression "as drunk as a lord," and no doubt it was thought that no gentleman could lose dignity by dealing in liquor.

The late Viscount Deerhurst, son of the Earl of Coventry, was another who was not ashamed to work at a humbler calling.

He was one of the bright young sparks of the 'eighties, and he caused quite a sensation by working in America as a bricklayer.

But to-day a member of the nobility would find it hard to cause a sensation, no matter what sort of work he took up.

Even the sons of dukes are going into business, and they are setting about their work as if they meant to make a success of it.

To begin with, there are quite a number of young peers and baronets on the Stock Exchange. Just after the war there was a rush of them to the City.

They knew nothing about money affairs, but they were employed as touts by financiers who hoped that their titles would induce people to buy shares.

They have given place to a new batch of young men now. The present set on the Stock Exchange is of quite a different type.

Lord Chesham, Lord Nunburnholme, the Hon. Hugh Lygon, son of Earl Beauchamp, Sir John Dashwood, the Premier Baronet of Great Britain, and Sir Reginald Leeds, are all capable, hard-working young men.

Sir John Milbanke, the "boxing baronet," is considered one of the brightest brains in high finance, and works very late hours in the City.

### *Titled salesmen*

Banking, if the bank is a private one, is another very popular occupation for our titled youngsters. Lord Charles Cavendish, the youngest son of the Duke of Devonshire, has been in Baring's Bank since he left Oxford.

Lord William Taylour, the twenty-five-year-old son of the Marquess of Headfort, is in a bank in New York, and the Honourable Hugh Lygon was in a bank before he left it for the Stock Exchange.

Then there is motor salesmanship. Just as, after the war, it was thought that a title would sell stocks and shares, so it was imagined that a handsome young peer or baronet with an Eton tie would help to sell a motor-car.

Dozens of titled youths were employed as motor salesmen, but not many of them are left in the trade to-day. Time soon weeded out those who were not worth their salt.

Two well-known peers are in the motor business now: the Earl of Northesk and the Earl of Cottenham. The Earl of Cottenham is also well known as the motoring correspondent of a daily paper.

Although it is quite a common thing now for titled ladies to go on the stage, very few young men of title become actors. Not counting men who have been knighted for their theatrical work, the stage can only boast of the Earl of Cowley.

### *Hollywood's lure*

But it is different with the cinema. The Honourable Anthony Asquith has already become famous as a scenarist and film producer. Sir Simeon Stuart, Bart., is also well known in the cinema world.

The Honourable David Herbert, second son of the Earl of Pembroke, who is just nineteen, is going to Germany to study film work. He has passed severe tests in facial expression for a well-known film company and is said to have a wonderful "film face."

Another young man who is in the film profession is the Honourable Ivor Montagu the twenty-three-year-old son of the late Lord Swaythling.

He is one of the three directors of a new company, Brunel and Montagu, Ltd., a film business in Wardour Street.

He is also one of the founders of the film society, whose object is to "infuse a loftier spirit into cinema production."

Lord Gorell, son of the famous Divorce Court Judge, and Chairman of the Society of Authors, has joined Lieut.-Col. John Murray, the new head of the famous publishing house, as a partner.

Lord Berners works in a somewhat different line of business. He composes light operatic music.

Another peer in an artistic profession is the Earl of Lathom, who specialises in interior decoration. Prince George of Russia is in a similar occupation.

But in our days no one thinks it remarkable for young lords to take up the most purely commercial lines of business.

The Earl of Bective, the eldest son of the Marquess of Headfort, is an electrical engineer. He is responsible for the lighting system in many of London's night clubs.

### *Serving half-pints!*

Another young man in the electrical trade is the Honourable James Weir, son of Lord Weir of Eastwood, who is in an engineering works at Cathcart.

Some years ago he was employed by the General Electric Company of Schenectady, U.S.A.

Viscount Wimborne's son, the Honourable Ivor Guest, works for an insurance company. The Honourable Anthony Vivian, the twenty-two-year-old son of Lord Vivian, is employed in San Francisco.

Sir Anthony Weldon, Bart., works for the firm of contractors. The Earl of Airlie is an enthusiastic farmer, and Lord Ossulston, heir to the earldom of Tankerville, besides managing the family estates plies for hire as an air-taximan.

What would our grandfathers, with their rigid ideas about the dignity of the Peerage, think of Lord Burgh, who recently had the enterprise to open a business shop in London for women's hats?

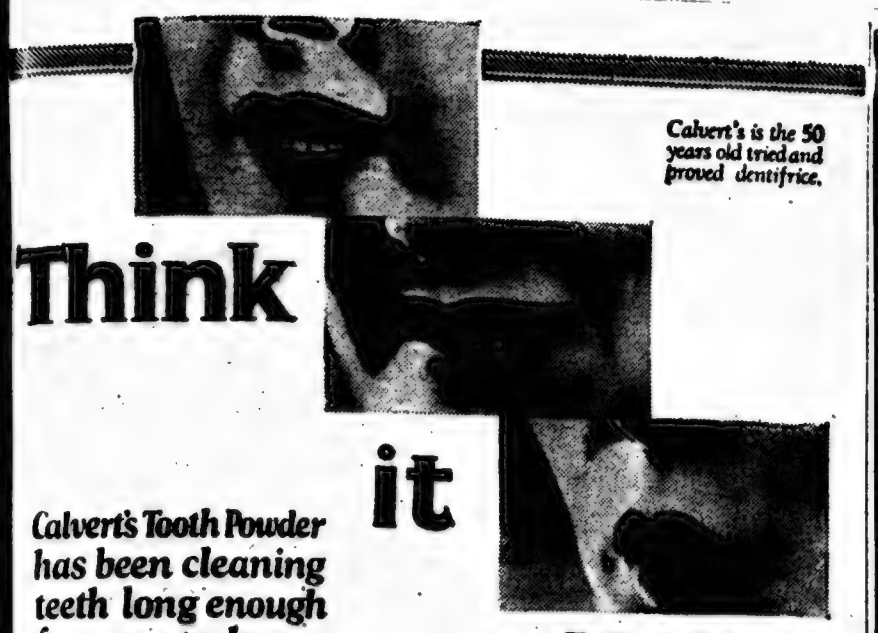
His firm bears the name "Evolution," and he has very definite ideas about women's fashions. He designs all the hats himself.

But we must hand the palm to the Honourable Henry Lygon, younger brother of Earl Beauchamp, who is Host of the "Hand and Shears" in Cloth Yard at Smithfield.

Class bitterness would soon disappear if there were more men like him.

What could be more cheering than to see the gallant major dispensing half-pints to the men who served under him in the war?

"Better inns" is his watchword, and to judge from the "Hand and Shears" he is putting his slogan into effect.



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# Think it over

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It is much better to buy a dentifrice on proof than on promises. And there are plenty of people who have proved the value of Calvert's Tooth Powder for 20, 30 and even 50 years.

You cannot afford to use a dentifrice merely because of its flavour. Think of your teeth first. Calvert's you *know* to be a good dentifrice. Time has proved it *does* keep teeth clean and healthy.

Besides you will like Calvert's. It has a delightful flavour that everyone finds most refreshing and is so economical that a 6d. tin lasts at least six weeks.

We will send you a free Sample Set of Calvert's Preparations containing Tooth Powder, Toilet Soap and Shampoo Soap, if you will send 3d. in stamps (to cover cost of postage and packing) to F. C. Calvert & Co., Ltd. (Dept. B), Manchester.

# Calvert's
## Carbolic Tooth Powder

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GET A LISSENOLA PORTABLE AND LET IT BRING THE LIVING ARTISTES RIGHT INTO YOUR OWN HOME. THE TONAL QUALITIES OF THE LISSENOLA will be a revelation, giving you the finest music and entertainment, not only for you and your family, but for your friends too, because it is so compact and easily carried, with your favourite records in the lid. THE LISSENOLA PLAYS LIKE A PEDESTAL INSTRUMENT because it has an exceptionally long horn giving majestic volume with absolute clarity, sound-box of new design in perfect track alignment, and a precise dial speed regulator ensuring perfect pitch.

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Our weakness now's for spicy flavour and she answers that demand like a hero.

If she has a savoury skeleton in her kitchen cabinet it's Yorkshire Relish. Someone has told her that for centuries men have always demanded spiciness, so she never forgets that priceless ingredient. She drops it in daily—and in the one way that makes the cost not worth mentioning.

That is the beauty of Yorkshire Relish—because it's *thin*, it adds generous savouriness at a cost of practically nothing. A 9d. bottle—2,400 drops—of Yorkshire Relish will satisfy a hearty family's natural craving for spiciness a whole week. Let your family enjoy it now. It's the least costly luxury 1929 offers to an over-charged and overtaxed country.

# Yorkshire Relish

## "D-R-O-P-S DO THE TRICK"

Get a bottle to-day—to-morrow never comes. 9d. buys one.
Miniature trial sample, 2d. (Remember this size for the pic-nic Season).
GOODALL, BACKHOUSE & CO., LEEDS

SEND TO-DAY FOR FREE ART LIST

## Never a dull moment with a "RILEY" in the home!

*You pay as you play and 7 days' Free Trial Guarantees Satisfaction.*

FOR A FIRST PAYMENT OF 10/-
Riley's will deliver to your door their popular 6 ft. "Home" Billiard Table to rest on your dining table, and allow 7 days' play to test it. Other sizes and prices are shown below.

| | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 6 ft. 4 ins. x 3 ft. 4 ins. | £7 | 0 | 0 | or in 10 monthly payments of | 12/- |
| 8 ft. 4 ins. x 3 ft. 10 ins. | £9 | 0 | 0 | | 14/- |
| 9 ft. 4 ins. x 3 ft. 4 ins. | £11 | 15 | 0 | | 18/- |
| 7 ft. 4 ins. x 3 ft. 10 ins. | £10 | 0 | 0 | | 16/- |
| 9 ft. 4 ins. x 4 ft. 4 ins. | £21 | 10 | 0 | | 36/- |

Riley's "Combine" Billiard and Dining Tables are also sent on 7 days' trial, and can be had in oak or mahogany in a variety of designs to match your furniture. Cash prices from £22 10s. 0d. or in easy monthly payments. Riley's are also the largest makers of full-size Billiard Tables in Great Britain. Estimates Free.

E. J. RILEY LTD., ANSON WORKS, ACCRINGTON.
and at Dept. 6, 147, *Aldersgate Street, London, E.C.1.*

*Riley's "Home" Billiard Table resting on ordinary dining table.*

*"I gave up business when I married, but I've saved £100 the first year"*

"Tom wouldn't hear of my staying on at business after we got married, though we knew there'd be little left for saving once our regular expenses were paid. As a matter of fact, I soon found out that things would be really serious if I couldn't do something myself to help matters along. It wouldn't have been fair to Tom to go back to business again, even if my old post hadn't been filled; but I realised that I just must ease the strain of the constant dipping into our small savings to meet the payments on our house, furniture and insurance, as they fell due. I could see that, as our nest-egg dwindled, Tom got more and more worried though he never said anything. Then I had a wonderful stroke of luck! In 'John Bull' I saw an invitation to women like myself to write to The Secretary, Room 29A, 245, Tottenham Court Road, London, W.1, for full details of the way in which to earn that extra money we could so well do with. You can guess I didn't waste any time. And by return I received the information that has changed our whole life and future prospects. Within a few weeks, money worries were things of the past. My earnings have helped us out a dozen times in the past year, and wasn't Tom surprised when I showed him my bank book last week!"

*Readers who write to The Secretary, Room 29A, 245, Tottenham Court Road, London, W.1, will receive by return of post full interesting details of modern woman's best way of earning extra money in spare hours in her own home.*

*Mrs. M. Tate, 8, Latimer Street, Southampton, whose ulcerated varicose leg is now quite healed.*

**"Healing is Believing"**

Tormented with an ulcerated varicose leg, Mrs. Tate found complete relief in Clarke's Blood Mixture. To other sufferers she recommends the remedy that has been famous as a Blood purifier for more than 70 years. She *tried* it and proved its worth. Benefit by her experience. Just as good for Abscesses, Swollen Glands, Piles, Eczema, Sore Places, Boils, and Eruptions.

*3/- per bottle—Six times the quantity, 12/-*

**Clarke's Blood Mixture**

When outward application is also required Use CLARKE'S MIRACULOUS SALVE.

**FORMAMINT**

*Wulfing Brand*

prevents and conquers

**Sore Throat**

*At all chemists, 2/6 per bottle.*

Genatosan Ltd.

Make your own Cigarette & see what you save.

ALWAYS USE **A.G.** CIGARETTE PAPER

BEST & PUREST


BEHIND THE CLOSED DOORS OF THE CHILDREN'S COURTS

# SALVAGING CHILD CRIMINALS

*The calm committee-room atmosphere of the Juvenile Court at Liverpool.*

*Before the Children's Act of 1908!*

NOT in those Courts that deal with the matrimonial tangles of the rich, nor even in the Courts where punishment is meted out to the murderer, will you see as much of the raw stuff of life as in the Juvenile Courts of London.

All concerned — magistrates, police, probation officers, and the Press, strive to keep for these amazing Courts their character of a committee of experts engaged in the prevention of child crime.

They strive, too, to shield the little children from any publicity that may dog them in their after-life.

The general public know little of the happenings behind the "closed doors" of the Children's Courts; though hardly more than 100 years back we hanged or deported small kiddies for "pinching" a few pence!

But, since the Children's Act of 1908, we have started on the right road, with Juvenile Courts held at a different time and place from the ordinary police courts, with a woman Justice assisting the magistrate, and the police in mufti.

## A peep within

What really happens to those children—naughty or unfortunate, for the Courts deal with both up to sixteen years of age—who find themselves in the power of the Law? Go into the precincts of the Juvenile Court and you will probably see—as I saw only the other day—some small, scared boy being reassured by a fatherly police-sergeant. You will see another official who, surprisingly, produces toffee for the kiddie, while the Probation Lady is saying to "mum" and "dad"—"Now, whatever happens, we are all going to help Johnny . . . ."

Here are three typical stories from a Court in the centre of one of London's plague spots of bad conditions.

"Ted"—aged eleven—is brought up on a charge of "being beyond control." "Ted" is being charged by his own father, a burly, kindly navvy.

## All for the best

This is neither as unnatural nor as tragic as it seems, for Mr. X—— is doing this on the advice of the magistrate himself, and he knows there is no stigma attached to this Court and no publicity.

Ted stands there near the magistrates, who are sitting at the head of the long table; near him stands "Dad," and behind them the mufti policeman.

Round the table sit the few other people present, and the proceedings are quiet and almost informal.

So the sad evidence comes out . . . six in two rooms at home; "dad" out of work; eldest brother serving a sentence; another brother not quite right in his head . . . and "mum," poor harassed soul, takes just a bit too much to drown her sorrows.

Ted has wandered from home at all hours of the day and night, and has played truant from school. He has already been on probation for a petty theft, but, though he and the Probation Lady have fought gallantly, he has not been able to take the chance. Who could, in such surroundings!

## A new beginning

Ted stands there sniffing sulkily, and twirling his cap. He feels he's "for it" this time, that the "beak" cannot possibly understand.

Suddenly he is surprised into attention: "Ted," says the magistrate, "what do you want to be when you grow up?"

"Sailor, sir . . ." comes the answer.

"Yes, he is always hanging round the docks, sir . . ." adds his father.

There is a whispered consultation between the justices—the woman Justice has a few words with the father and the suggestion is made—Ted shall be helped to his goal *and not to jail!* He shall go to one of the Home Office Nautical Schools—one that caters especially for boys of his calibre.

The fatal associations of the past will thus be broken. Mum and dad can come and see him there in his smart nautical uniform. (Mum will pull up a bit, too, as a matter of fact, to live up to her boy . . .), and when he is sixteen he will be a happy, healthy and highly trained young man, ready to face the world.

## Kind consideration

Then there is the case of little Flora. She is brought in and stood beside the Magistrate—a tiny girl, small even for her tender years.

Immediately evidence of identity is taken, the Magistrate, smiling kindly, tells her to "go with the gentleman"—and the policeman takes her to another room.

Then, and only when the child cannot hear the story of her shame—the pitiful mother is brought in.

One might make a sensational story of the break up of the home—the sinister influences at work—the final fall into sordid immorality . . . it is enough to say that the little girl was being made use of as a go between by her mother and her mother's evil friends.

Gently still, the Magistrate questions the mother; will she pull up for the sake of her child? The child must be saved by the Court—but if the mother will make a home fit for her then the little girl's place is with her . . .

Yes; there still is a chance. The father and the wronged husband will "start again" with his wife. And a neighbour (how wonderful are the neighbours of the poor!) will take little Flora till the fresh start has been accomplished.

Gratefully, through her tears, the mother thanks them all for their help.

Had there been no hope, and even now, should the worst befall again, little Flora would be sent to the besttype of industrial school until she was sixteen, under the benevolent supervision of the magistrate himself.

Then there is the ordinary type of case—the high-spirited kiddie of eleven or twelve, who has been "nabbed pinching" from some street stall or lorry.

Grab and run—and all the gang think you a fine fellow. Until, duly awe-struck, young Bill finds himself for the first time in the Children's Court.

Not so very dreadful, after all: all boys are naughty; but it is perilous to let a lad get the idea that it pays to do this sort of thing, for his energies might lead him down a path of real crime.

So, young Bill finds himself facing the two gentlemen and the lady at the head of the table, with the copper who "got" him telling the story.

## Common-sense system

The Probation Lady, who came to see mother about him, is sitting watching, and, perhaps, mother is there too.

Bill listens to the school report, and glows to find that teacher thinks him promising.

Then the Magistrate says: "Tell me, Bill, don't you think a boy is a coward if he hasn't the pluck *not* to steal?"

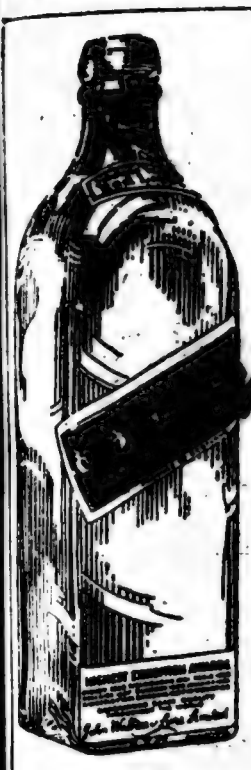
Bill isn't too sure—but, when asked, he admits defiantly, that he did take the oranges from the back of the cart.

The magistrate looks at him: "I think you are too good for that sort of silly business—you might do well later, you know, but if you become a young thief you never will—it doesn't ever pay, you know, *in the end*. I think I can trust you, Bill, so I am going to give you another chance, and I don't think you are the fellow to let me down . . . ."

(Neither does Bill—now!)

"You will be put on probation to Miss X——, she'll give you a hand when you are in difficulty, and you are to go and see her on Saturdays. You'd better find a club, she'll help you—you know, they want sturdy chaps like you. No second chances, you know, and I shall know all about you all the time. Stick to it, and you'll make a fine success, I know."

It is this system—governed by common-sense and human kindness—that is saving more fine young citizens for Britain than ever were helped by fines, imprisonment and whippings of the bad old days.



# *Insist on quality*

When you buy whisky, either a bottle or a "small one" over the bar, get the very best value for your money—in short get whisky of *guaranteed* quality!

How?

Why, simply by *asking* for the best—Johnnie Walker!

Remember that Johnnie Walker is *always* reliable; *always* pure and mature—*guaranteed* same high standard of quality which never varies the world over.

And, after all, it's just as easy to say 'Johnnie Walker' as to say 'Scotch'—and a *great deal* safer!

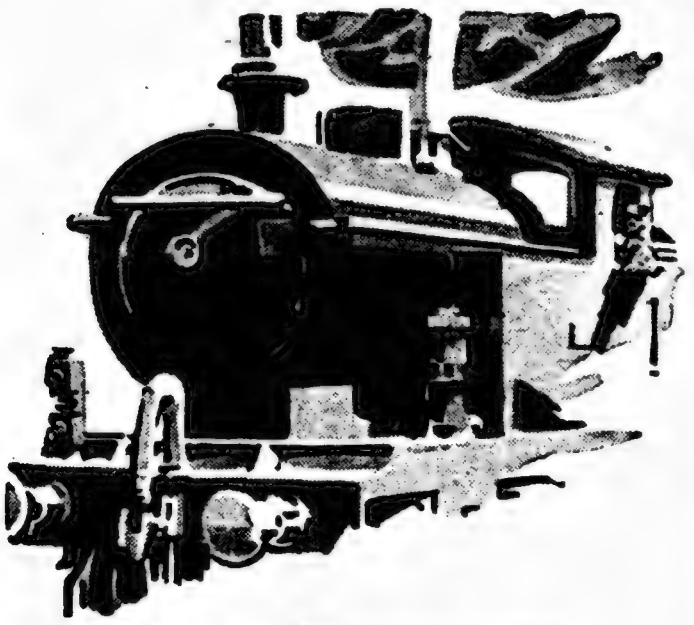
**JOHNNIE WALKER**

***Born 1820 —Still going Strong***

JOHN WALKER & SONS, LTD.,
Scotch Whisky Distillers,
KILMARNOCK, SCOTLAND.

J.B.12





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10 for 6d 20 for 11½d. Plain or Cork Tips

Coupons also in every packet of B.D.V. Tobacco, 11d per oz.

COMPARE THE VALUES WITH OTHER GIFT SCHEMES N3

# HEALTHY LEGS FOR ALL!

**Wonderful New Treatment That Corrects Deficiencies in the Blood.**

***Health and Grace Restored by Elasto***

The above illustration clearly shows the splendid effectiveness of the new Elasto Treatment. It is reproduced from an original photograph, the subject of which writes to us as follows:

"I have much pleasure in reporting that the course of Elasto Treatment, which I recently had, has proved most successful.

"Some time ago I gave up dancing—indeed, I scarcely liked to go out of doors, my legs were so disfigured by Varicose Veins.

"I enclose a photograph which speaks for itself, and is an unassailable proof of the complete success of your Elasto Treatment."

The original of this letter, with many others equally enthusiastic, can be seen at our offices by any bona-fide inquirer.

***What is Elasto?***

Elasto is something new to curative science; it is based on the knowledge that varicose ailments and relaxed conditions generally, with their numerous developments and widely varied symptoms, are *deficiency diseases*; that in all such conditions there is a lack of certain *vital constituents of the blood.*

Owing to this lack the body is unable to evolve the elastic tissue needed to maintain the vein walls and the membranes in healthy condition, and a varicose or relaxed condition results.

Elasto restores to the blood the vital elements that combine with albumen to form elastic tissue and thus enables Nature to effect a cure in a perfectly normal manner.

There is no chance work about Elasto; it brings into play Nature's own laws of healing. Elasto is not a drug, but a vital cell food, which *must be present in the blood to ensure complete health.* It is prepared in tiny tablets, to be dissolved on the tongue, and is the pleasantest, the least costly and the most effective treatment ever devised.

*Elasto corrects varicose veins, ulcers, eczema, phlebitis, muscular weakness, thrombosis, swollen legs, inflamed wounds, rheumatism, neuritis, and all those troubles generally known as bad legs.*

*Elasto also corrects piles, varicocele, hardened arteries and glands, and all relaxed conditions, no matter where they occur.*

***Send for Free Sample!***

**Elasto Treatment is fully explained in a Special Booklet which we will gladly send privately, post free, together with Free Sample and copies of recent testimonials.**

**Write for these to-day—NOW! Or send 5s. for a full month's treatment (in plain wrapper) and commence your cure without delay.**

**THE NEW ERA TREATMENT CO., (Dept. 15E), Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.**

***Elasto Will Save You Pounds!***


## *What Should She Do?*

# TRICKED INTO DIVORCE

## *by an unscrupulous husband and deserted by her pseudo-lover*

I MET my husband when I was a stewardess on the liner where he was first mate. He was easily the most handsome man on board, and in his uniform looked splendid.

I was proud as a peacock when he singled me out for attention and the other girls on board made no attempt to conceal their envy of my "capture." How little either they or I knew!

We became engaged. The busy life of ships' officers and restricted life afloat does not give much opportunity for lovers' meetings, so we decided to spend our holidays together when the voyage ended.

We berthed at Folkestone and after selecting a well-known holiday resort spent together one of the happiest fortnights it is possible to imagine.

It was while rambling on the cliffs one day that I felt drawn to ask my sweetheart something about his home life. He evaded my questions and began to tell me tales of Mexico where he had spent some years of his boyhood.

I am fond of adventure and those dashing stories of wild life increased my lover's attractivness.

When he asked me to marry him before his boat sailed I consented without hesitation.

As married stewardesses were not required I remained on shore and got a little home together against my husband's return; he promising to keep me supplied with funds to keep it going.

THIS was the beginning of my troubles. From the first moment of marriage my husband's contributions to our little ménage were conspicuous by their absence.

A baby was expected so that I could not go out to earn. When my husband learned of my condition he became scornful and said that he thought I would have known better than to be such a fool.

This nearly broke my heart, and what with the worry and the privation, I was actually thankful when the mite was born dead.

As I looked on the tiny still form I thought I had touched the lowest depths, but worse was to come.

Grief apparently cannot kill a young and healthy woman, so I gradually recovered.

I started a small confectionery business, but it did not do very well.

My husband's boat again reached port but he did not come home at once. When he did arrive he brought with him a pal, a young man the opposite to himself in every particular.

HE was kindness itself. He saw for himself how cruelly I was treated and seemed bent on making it up to me. My husband would go off in the evenings leaving us together and did not object if his friend took me to the pictures.

It was on one of those occasions that the young man confessed he had fallen in love with me. Of course, I was indignant at first, but my resistance was gradually worn down.

For one thing, I was terribly short of money and getting into debt with the business.

When my husband saw how things were between us he went off, declaring he had got what he wanted, evidence for divorce, as he loved another.

I should not mind that if the other fellow were acting straight—but he is not. He says, even should my husband divorce me, he cannot marry me, for he already has a wife living in Buenos Ayres.

I have no means of knowing whether or not this is true. So, deserted by my husband, and betrayed by my lover, what am I to do?

HUMANIST says: Dismiss at once from your life this man who has acted in so abominable a manner as cat's-paw. If your husband wishes to divorce you, let him.

You will be well rid of a scoundrel. All should then be plain sailing for starting your life afresh and retrieving your past mistakes by steering a perfectly straight course for the future.

***HERE are some Problems of Life sent by readers and dealt with by "Humanist." Now or later you will be confronted with a problem which may trouble you. "Humanist" will deal with it through the post. Send stamped addressed envelope. For the three most poignant documents published the Editor will pay £2 2s., £1 1s., and 10s. 6d.***

## POLITICS AT HOME

### *lead to trouble*

FOR generations all my husband's family have worked on the land, and always been employed at the "Big House." All the property round belongs to "The Family" so that we also pay rent to them.

I find no fault with this. It cannot be helped, as things are. The fortunate few who own lands, houses and money can give the employment and shelter the poorer folk need. Nor do I think this condition slavery if a fair return for human labour is made.

*Miss Nancy Stewart Parnell, who is said to have influenced Mr. Baldwin by one of her speeches to pass the "flapper" vote*

But it does seem to me that it comes near slavery when even one's opinions are not allowed to be one's own. My husband and his father hold their opinions just because the squire does.

I, who was born in a northern town, cannot agree to anything so silly.

At home, dad and I, and often mother as well, were keen political debaters. We went out regularly to political meetings and kept ourselves up to date by reading.

Naturally, I want to be as intelligent in my own home and bring my children up to be able to think for themselves.

But my husband will have none of it. He knows my politics are different from his own and is simply terrified of them leaking out.

The Election is drawing near. I know the ballot-box is called secret, but I fear if I voted for anyone but the candidate favoured by my husband's family (which really means the squire) my life would not be worth living. Shall I vote against my own conscience or refrain altogether?

HUMANIST says: Neither. Vote as you like but don't make a song about it.

You say you are an intelligent woman. If you are you should know that domestic happiness is much more important than politics. Your political prejudices probably annoy your husband as much as his annoy you.

## HUSBAND'S FOLLY

### *involves two women*

MY life is heading for disaster unless something unforeseen happens quickly to prevent it.

Five years ago when I was only nineteen, I married a girl who was about a year my senior.

By June of the same year I had discovered my mistake. My married life was simply unbearable. As a home-maker my wife was a complete failure. Had I stayed with her I should soon have been dead, so I left.

* * *

**The Revelations of a Double Dyed Villain. See "The People" next Sunday.**

A maintenance order was granted under which I had to pay her £1 a week.

A year later I met, very unexpectedly, an old school-girl friend of mine whom I had not seen for ten years. We had a long chat together, and I discovered that she too, was very unhappily married.

After this we met frequently and our old friendship became warmly renewed.

The upshot was, that after about six months, we got rooms and started afresh. We are both happy and love each other dearly.

But trouble seems to have descended upon us in a heavy, dark cloud. I have fallen into arrears on the maintenance order, I have been out of work since the New Year and I am expecting an increase of family any day now.

My wife knows all this yet she is pleading with me to return.

On the other hand, she declares that if I do not return she will press me for payment on all I owe her, so that I am faced with imprisonment if I defy her.

Am I to give up the woman I love and who gave up her home to make me happy who is, in addition, to be the mother of my child?

Or, am I to go back to the wife whom I do not love at all?

Am I to do this just to get rid of the maintenance order and prison? Or shall I stick to my guns, carry on as I am and trust to Providence to carry me through?

HUMANIST says: Having placed yourself in the miserable position of having two women and two sets of responsibilities to support, it is idle to expect Providence to extricate you.

You must put your shoulder to the wheel and support both the women who have placed their trust in you.

To penalise either the one or the other as a result of your own folly would be shameful.

## WILL SHE GET ALL

### *she asks for?*

I AM a woman, not a "flapper," but in the full prime of life. I am not a fool either, but a first-class cook, nurse, housekeeper, needlewoman and gardener.

I am sober, careful, clean, tactful, capable, adaptable, good at figures and jolly. I am a very good manager, saleswoman and organiser. I can entertain.

If only some kind landowner would offer me a nice house with at least ten acres of land I could very easily get my living by keeping cows and poultry.

Or again, if some kind person would lend me a hundred pounds, or better still, give me a few hundreds, I could buy a little place to manage for myself.

Now do you know of a living soul, preferably a man, who could do with a good clean-thinking and living woman to be of use to him, have her own house and animals, who would also take an interest in her boy of twelve years of age and who would not mind spending a few hundred pounds?

HUMANIST says: We could all do with moneyed friends to lift our burdens, but most of us have to realise that our best friends are our own ten fingers.

Domestic labour is needed everywhere so cease dreaming of the impossible and come down to earth. Get a situation in a farmhouse or elsewhere and provide for yourself and your boy by honest work.

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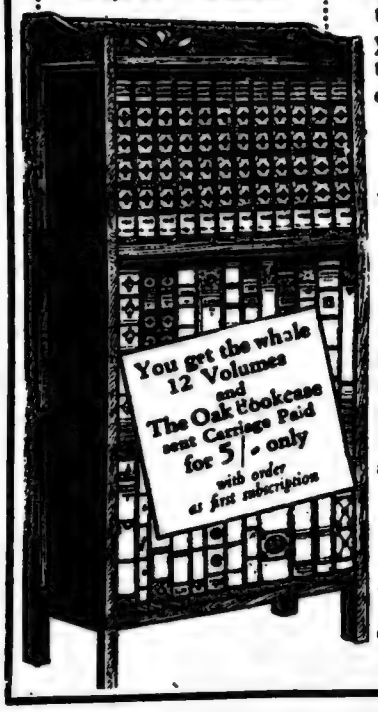


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## *Our Letter Parliament*

# The KEEPSAKE I wouldn't Sell for a MILLION

FOR four years my darling mother had been blind, and had not walked alone.

You may imagine my terror on coming downstairs one day to find her chair empty.

I roamed the streets in distraction for two hours. Then I suddenly saw my darling being led home. In her hand was a tiny jewellers' box.

The next day I received a silver wrist watch. Mother, knowing that she was dying, had by a supreme effort of will-power managed to creep out to the jewellers' to buy the last keepsake for me.

Having accomplished her object, her strength failed. It had taken two hours to go. She could not come back. A kindly tradesman led her home.

Two days after, mother died peacefully in her sleep. I would not part with my watch for all the world's wealth.—*E. Edwards, Wood Green.*

### The Toy

Just a small rubber toy dog. I bought this for my little son on his first birthday; he was very fond of it, and used to take it everywhere he went.

Ten months later, he was lying very ill, but still cuddling the little rubber dog.

Suddenly he opened his eyes and seeing me sitting by his cot held out the toy to me, saying very faintly: "Keep it for me, daddy, till I wake up."

He died shortly after.—*J. G. Hole, Burton-on-Trent, Staffs.*

### South African Relic

This keepsake was given to me by a dying Boer during the South African War. It is a Mauser rifle, with twenty-seven notches cut deep into the stock.

When I tended the owner's last needs, he pointed to this gun, and said: "Each notch is a man's life. Twenty-seven lives! You keep rifle. Don't kill. Do kindness to twenty-seven others. It give more pleasure than this!" With these words he died in my arms.—*W. Speake, Winson Green, Birmingham.*

### An Amateur "Shingle"

My little girl, aged two and a half, had been very ill with whooping cough. No one but mummie could do anything for her.

This caused me many sleepless nights, and no rest in the day, but I was amply rewarded.

My little tot came into my room with outstretched hand, and said: "These curls are for you, mummie, tause you dot me better."

One side of her little head was nearly shorn. But who could scold?—*Happy Mother.*

### Refreshing Candour

The keepsake I wouldn't sell for a million doesn't exist: I write with the bias of one, who, having to work six days per week, and fifty-two weeks per year, cannot make ends meet.

Therefore, no matter how cherished the keepsake; were a million pounds offered me for it (aye, or less!) I would immediately accept, knowing that by so doing, my wife and bairns would be properly clothed and properly fed.—*W. Russell.*

### The Great Sacrifice

My sweetheart and I were walking along the riverside when we came to a dog-rose bush.

He picked one rose and after putting it into his buttonhole we sat down.

Two boys were playing quite near, and to my dismay the older one slipped and fell into the river.

My sweetheart ran to the rescue, but in the gallant attempt both were drowned. In my grief, I picked up the dog-rose that fell from his coat. Although now it is only mere dust, to me it is worth millions.—*Regular Reader, Bath.*

### Between Brothers

My brother and I both worked at the Bridgwater Colliery, he in an early shift and I in a late one.

One day I asked him to repair my bicycle. When I came home I found he had broken a small fretwork hammer on a cotter-pin.

We fought, for the first time in our lives. Then we both cried and made a solemn promise never to fight again.

Alas! that promise was to be adhered to more truly than we realised. For the next day my brother was killed at work.

That old broken hammer is now my most valued possession.—"*Hookage Hand*," *Eccles.*

### The Nugget from Nome

A gold nugget which I obtained at Cape Nome, Alaska, in 1908, which I have now mounted as a tie-pin is my priceless mascot.

It went through the war stuck away in the corner of my tunic.

It deflected a bullet and left me with a graze instead of a mortal wound.

Recently I lost the tie-pin, but it eventually turned up in our carpet sweeper.—*A. Field, Tunbridge Wells.*

### Sound Advice

My keepsake is a note in pencil which reads thus: "Take my advice, kiddie, and don't go boating alone unless you're a strong swimmer."

I had foolishly taken a boat on a deserted lake. I remembered upsetting the boat, a struggle, then a blow from some oar.

When I came to, I was lying in bed in a farmer's house on the edge of the lake. My rescuer had vanished, leaving the note for me. I was twelve years of age at the time.—*R. Reader, Swansea.*

### A Living Treasure

I have a little keepsake here in my home which I would not sell for far more than a million.

I attended a woman in child bed. She died, but just before the end she took the little warm bundle in her arms, kissed him, and handing him to me, said:

"Here, Meg, take care of him for me, will you? He is all I have to leave you as a keepsake."

I have faithfully fulfilled the sacred duty. My adopted son grows big now, and I would not part with him for gold uncounted.—*Mrs. F., Elgin.*

### A Lover's Tiff

I have in my possession a letter, now yellow with age; it was written by my wife when we were courting.

We had had a tiff, and parted in the worst of moods; next time we met, she gave me this letter without speaking.

What that letter contained only we two know. I promised I would burn it, but could not find the heart to part with such a treasure; and to this day I don't think she suspects me of keeping it.

In that letter my future happiness lay, and though we have been married some years and have our tiffs occasionally now, I often sneak away and read that letter.—*E. D., Birmingham.*

* * *

### Letters in Little

The Prince of Wales has set the best of all examples by going himself into the distressed areas. Politicians should follow the same course, and then stir themselves into action and find a remedy for the distress!—*Warminster.*

* * *

The present system of voting is devoid of reason, and also, of Justice.—*Orbit.*

* * *

To allow a film to be shown, the theme of which is based upon a woman disrobing before an audience, does not say much for the efficiency of the film censor.—*H. E. F., Fulham.*

* * *

I would rather have a thin purse with a character, than a fat one without.—*Aspirant, Slough.*

* * *

Has not the time come when a shopman who gives short measure or weight should be heavily punished?—*Kent Reader.*

*Homely Wisdom*

## LAUGH AWAY CLOUDS!

*by the Rev. R. J. CAMPBELL, D.D.*

IN Wisconsin there is a remarkable deaf man, a deaf mute, who has overcome his infirmity to such an extent as to obtain a good education and become a force in journalism.

He is now the editor of a prominent newspaper and a factor to be reckoned with in public life.

Yet he has never heard a word spoken by a human being and does not know what his own voice sounds like.

For it does sound. He has been taught to speak like other people and even to understand what other people say by means of lip reading.

It is only when he has difficulty in reading the lips of any person conversing with him that he has recourse to writing.

He keeps a writing-pad and pencil at his elbow for the convenience of interviewers in order that they may jot down briefly what they want to say.

Not long ago he attacked a prominent politician in his columns in an unsparing manner.

The politician was furious and rushed round to the editorial office to retaliate.

Not knowing that the editor was stone deaf he poured out a stream of profanity upon him that was enough to scorch him to a cinder.

The editor gazed placidly at the visitor's moving lips for a few moments, and then, unable to make anything intelligible out of the torrent of words, pushed the writing-pad towards him and said: "Write it out."

The sheer comicality of the request so tickled the angry man's sense of humour that he burst out laughing.

That ended the dispute. It was clearly impossible to transfer to paper the spate of abuse in which the aggrieved politician was indulging.

The bland suggestion that he should write it made it seem absurd.

Most of the disputes of the world could be ended by taking time to think coolly over a matter at issue before saying or doing anything at all.

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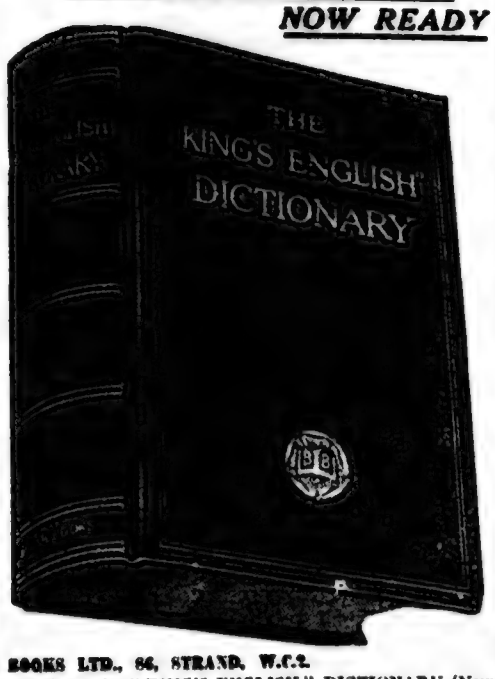


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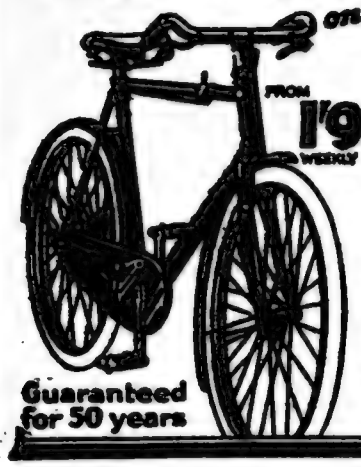


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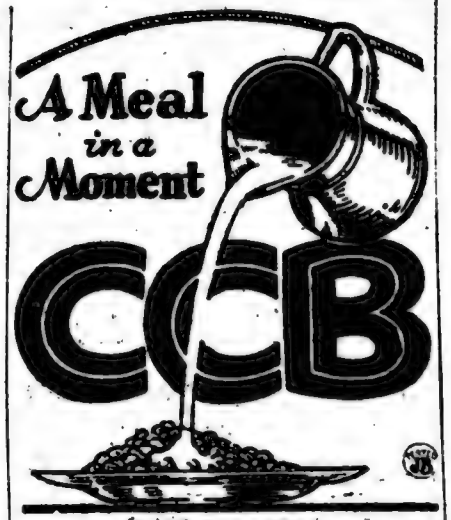

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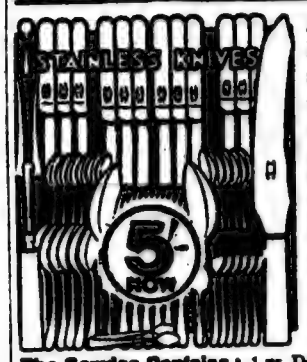


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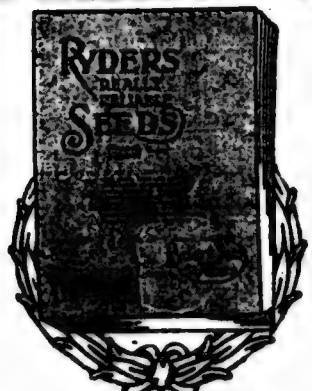


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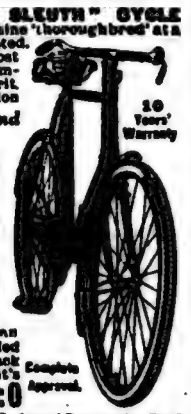


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## Write to "John Bull" about it!

# The EDITOR Replies

*THE Editor may be flippant on this page, but his humour is kindly and never malicious. He likes to end up the week's work on a bright note. Serious questions are dealt with by the expert staff of our Free Advice Service.*

ELSIE (London, W.).—"I am reserved." For whom?

T. E. (Hoxton).—"He called me half-witted." He exaggerated.

K. N. (London, N.W.).—"What is a trial marriage?" A test match.

T. B. (Boscombe).—"We don't keep a servant." Very few people can.

O. M. (Epsom).—"Can you guess how I lost a lot of money last year?" You bet.

T. B. (Hayes).—"At one time or another every lass has her lad." And a ladder.

L. T. (Kensal Rise).—"I'd like you to write my epitaph." It would be a pleasure.

ALBERT (Willesden).—"At sixty-nine I am proud of my hair." Have you only the one?

C. R. (Jarrow).—"My house has a big bay window." Are you shaped like that too?

G. M. (Glasgow).—"Do you doubt my word?" No. We unhesitatingly disbelieve it.

E. B. (Martin).—"Is it hard to get work in a Government office?" It's rather unusual.

P. C. T. (Sevenoaks).—"I married an orphan." That's one way to elude the mother-in-law problem.

H. J. (Leeds).—"My husband is tidy in all his habits." Even likes his whisky neat, we suppose?

C. P. (Oxford).—"He can nearly make his violin speak." Many a violinist can only make his violin squeak.

T. W. (Shandon).—"I want to get the most out of my work." Then you'll have to put the most into it.

G. V. (Henley).—"He fell in love with her at first sight, but it was soon broken off." Evidently he took a second look.

P. J. (Isleworth).—"I have two eyes and two ears, and mean to use them." Thank goodness, you haven't two tongues.

G. D. (Yarmouth).—"I have smoked herrings for years." What an extraordinary taste! Don't you like tobacco?

P. D. (Mayfair).—"My chauffeur has nearly killed me three times so I shall have to discharge him." Give him another chance.

T. E. (Worthing).—"This article is worth a guinea." Yes? Now all you've got to do is to find somebody else who thinks so.

P. G. (Burnley).—"The small boy in the garden next door shouts his A B C at the top of his voice." Perhaps he thinks you are DEF.

F. M. (Elstree).—"I have been married for five years." You have our congratulations (sympathy). Scratch out the one that doesn't apply.

C. R. (Marlow).—"Would my articles please you better if I had them typewritten?" Oh, no. Then we would be able to read them.

J. R. (London, N.).—"My wife is talking of standing for Parliament." What a chance to attend one of her meetings and heckle her!

J. J. (Whitstable).—"I am a native of this place." We're afraid we sprinkled red pepper and lemon juice on a dozen of your relatives the other day.

F. N. (Hackney).—"I'm going to have a much smaller lawn this year." Yes, it's extraordinary how a roller grows heavier with the passing of the years.

A. T. (Putney).—"He called me a hard-faced impostor with thieving tendencies and no conscience." He seems to have thought of practically everything.

G. L. (Kingston).—"Words fail me." Try deeds.

F. R. (Dover).—"I have come back to England." What a pity!

W. A. (North Finchley).—"What does J. P. mean?" Justice—perhaps.

E. G. (Lincoln).—"What is the oldest race on the Turf?" Welsher v. Punter.

E. A. (Warminster).—"Where do popular authors get ideas?" Do they?

B. T. (Nuneaton).—"What would we men be without our wives?" Bachelors!

J. D. (Glasgow).—"Where is the population most dense?" From the neck up.

F. S. (Filton).—"What is the shortest after-dinner speech on record?" Bill please, waiter.

G. J. (Berwick).—"The greatest aid to success is pluck." But what becomes of the plucked?

C. P. (Highbury).—"Girl swimmers are keen on getting publicity." Through the usual Channel.

J. D. R. (Mayfair).—"I've written a piano solo in the Key of D." We expect it sounds more like L.

D. E. (Gosport).—"Half the world doesn't know how the other half lives." But it has its suspicions.

E. J. (Launceston).—"What is the best thing to do for falling hair?" Jump smartly out of the way.

V. A. (Chester).—"I'd like to live permanently in a hot climate." Be careful or you may have to.

B. K. (Clacton).—"I must admit that your article made me think." It wasn't an article; it was a miracle.

F. V. (Plymouth).—"Last week I visited a lady thought-reader." It must have been very restful for her.

S. D. (Hayle).—"I had my nose broken in two places." We advise you to avoid those two places in future.

SANDY (Glasgow).—"What does a motorist do when a man suddenly crosses the road in front of him?" Hoots, mon.

T. G. (Henley).—"We have the river at the bottom of the garden." Is the position reversed during the flood season?

F. C. (Lincoln).—"I am thinking of digging up my garden." Haven't you got further than turning it over in your mind?

GLADYS (Chertsey).—"They tell me that larger figures are coming in again." They're quite right; just watch JOHN BULL.

D. W. (Lee).—"When I get married, I must have three servants." You'll probably have more than that, but not all at the same time.

T. R. (Swanage).—"I don't want to add to your troubles." Then we can only suppose that you keep on writing to us through sheer thoughtlessness.

EAGER (Paisley).—"Who wrote Gilbert and Sullivan?" Ditto.

P. S. (Weybridge).—"Go to hell." Do your own errands.

S. D. (Bognor).—"What is the great drink question?" What's yours?

A. B. F. (Iver).—"Life is hard." And for you there are initial difficulties.

N. P. (Liverpool).—"The world is marching towards wickedness." Right left!

M. R. (London, W.).—"My heart is in Australia." You certainly don't sound all there.

C. P. (London, S.).—"I ask myself a question." But why? You'll only get a silly answer.

J. B. (Silsden).—"I have bad dreams." You probably eat too much, too quickly and too late.

P. D. (Stowe).—"Life is like a game of cards." There is certainly both shuffling and straight dealing.

A. B. (Ventnor).—"Publish this or take the consequences." We're waiting for the consequences.

F. N. (Flaunden).—"I'd like you to hear my daughter sing." What harm have we ever done you?

C. M. (Coatbridge).—"Is there any reason why I shouldn't win a *Bullets* cash prize?" There are 2,000 reasons why you should and they're on page 39.

F. N. (St. Albans).—"It took me just an hour to write this poem." 3,600 seconds absolutely wasted!

J. T. (Kelso).—"I proposed to her quite unexpectedly." At least you thought it was unexpectedly.

B. C. (Slough).—"If you are not careful I won't write to you any more." You inspire us to be reckless.

T. J. (Redruth).—"An uncle of mine made a fortune out of tripe." We don't remember reading any of his books.

P. E. (Charlton).—"My wife could talk the hind leg off a donkey." Then why risk losing a limb by listening to her?

N. B. (Otterspool).—"I'd gladly marry both of them." But the income-tax people would only allow you a rebate for one.

K. L. (Dorchester).—"A good piece of linoleum as a floor-covering is hard to beat." It's carpets you beat—not linoleum.

JESSIE (Dover).—"He sent me a little silver ornament as a present, but I really don't know what it is." Probably a thimble.

A. R. (Bloomsbury).—"Two women in the flat above me insulted each other and then started fighting." As usual, two wrongs make a riot.

B. L. (Chertsey).—"I'm frightened of the neighbour's dog although it seems quite friendly." Be careful it doesn't become attached to you.

**Miss D. K. (Newbery).—"It is still true that a woman's face is her fortune.' Then it's a wonder some people aren't arrested for forgery.**

P. N. (Penge).—"Somebody ran away with his wife and his car." Hard luck. Was it a new car?

F. B. (Plymouth).—"I don't like the customs of this country." Did they make you pay a lot of duty?

Miss M. (Hendon).—"Do you know how old I am?" About half as much again as you say you are.

J. T. (Hampstead).—"Your office-boy told me you were out." We had just patted him affectionately on the head!

P. R. D. (Rochester).—"My wife and I often have a domestic difference.' That's much better than domestic indifference.

G. T. (Rugby).—"I have a proposal I should like to put before you, but I hardly like to trouble you." Don't mention it.

D. R. (Reading).—"My fiancée tells me that she is keeping all my love-letters." In the hope, perhaps, that they will one day keep her.

*(Many replies unavoidably held over.)*

## Side Slips

*Examples of genuine unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Obvious printers' errors not wanted. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelopes "Slips."*

"SOUTH WALES ECHO":—"An EMPTY bottle in his pocket CONTAINED OVER A PINT OF NEAT WHISKY."

"THE BOROUGH NEWS":—"WANTED, employment by middle-aged man; any respectable capacity; or CARPENTER'S MATE."

"PORTADOWN TIMES":—"A motor-car was completely destroyed by fire. . . . THE DAMAGE WAS CAUSED BY INSURANCE."

"MANCHESTER EVENING CHRONICLE":—"When 80 years of age Mr. Jackson took part in a long peal at Bolton which went on continuously for THREE AND A QUARTER YEARS."

"FILM FUN":—"——and although no one had actually seen him, his movements were CLOSELY WATCHED."

"GLASGOW TIMES":—"—— ——, the vaudeville star, announced yesterday that she was MARRIED for the THIRD TIME LAST MONTH."

"KENT EVENING ECHO":—"She was removed to the hospital, where she developed bronchitis and died ON THE PREVIOUS DAY."

"GLAMORGAN COUNTY TIMES":—"Bryn Eirw church choir invited the Church Council to the ANNUAL SUPPER held on Christmas Day.

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Turn to page 3 now and "snap" up this offer quickly before all the Cameras set aside for this great gift scheme are applied for.


# HOMELESS WANDERERS

## What Sleeping Out Means

A HOMELESS couple were hurrying from a young policeman who had detected them begging one bitter night. There was the danger of a month's hard labour for wandering without visible means of support.

When the policeman had caught them up, however, he did not arrest them. He said: "I will walk on in front of you, and just give a look on the next window-sill I pass."

They very soon found the sixpence he had placed there.

They are not professional beggars. Life has been made difficult for them on account of the man being blind in one eye and his wife a cripple.

What are their feelings?

"At times you feel like 'going wrong,'" the man explained. "We wander about Piccadilly till midnight and we see the rich go by, and sometimes long to tell somebody our troubles.

*A handicapped victim of unemployment*

*"I asked him where he lived—a stare*
*Was all I got in answer,*
*As on he trudged; I rightly judged*
*The stare said,*
*'Where I can, sir.'"*

## A Haven Beneath an Arch

"But we goes on, wondering what we can do for the best. Last night, we hadn't had a meal since the early morning when our last 5½d. bought two cups of tea and slices of bread and margarine.

"We generally drift to Covent Garden and shelter under the archway. I keep standing up, hoping no policeman will see us, and the wife sits or lies down.

"By the morning we're pretty well done up, but there's the chance of an odd job at the market.

But hope at times ebbs very low, for what hope is there? No man will give him regular work on account of his disability, and his wife is not fit.

If he had the means to buy a little stock, he believes he could earn a living selling potatoes or other vegetables in the street. Then they could afford a room.

This is only one of the many appeals which reach the "Greatest of These—" Fund.

## "The Greatest of These—"

### ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

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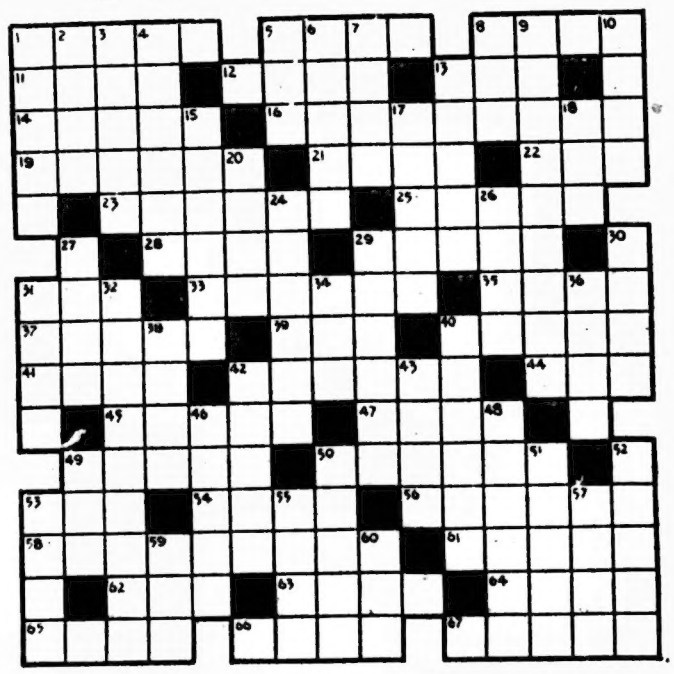
*(Many acknowledgments unavoidably held over.)*

*Our Cross-Word Corner*

## TRY YOUR SKILL!



### CLUES ACCROSS

1. To question.
5. A lectern.
8. Despatch.
11. Irish.
12. W. Indian Isle.
13. Prohibit.
14. A defect.
16. Arrogance in opinion.
19. Flushed.
21. Close to.
22. A space.
23. Mildness.
25. A soldier.
28. To venture.
29. Kind of orange.
31. To be ill.
33. A sea nymph.
35. Remain.
37. Cheering.
39. Fragment.
40. Fence steps.
41. Barren.
42. Wood.
44. A fish.
45. Pertaining to the sun.
47. Earth.
49. Item of debt.
50. Delayed.
53. Exclamation.
54. A fete.
56. To feast.
58. Deviating from common rule.
61. Black bird.
62. A cataract.
63. Wound mark.
64. A row.
65. Town in Kent.
66. A pace.
67. Rhythm.

### CLUES DOWN

1. Postpone.
2. Spoken.
3. Commonplace.
4. Begirdled.
5. A duffer.
6. Black wood.
7. A herb.
8. Was seated.
9. Ambiguous.
10. Humid.
13. Nobleman.
15. Occupier.
17. Paired.
18. Speak.
20. Dismal.
24. Dread.
26. Fog.
27. Lineal measure.
29. To think out.
30. Stained.
31. Capable.
32. Kind of tenure.
34. Human organ.
36. Bitter medicine.
38. Would-be aristocrat.
40. Something insignificant.
42. Mortal.
43. To tower.
46. Sunken goods.
48. An ambassador.
49. A colour.
50. Pertness.
51. Boat lowering tackle.
52. Style.
53. Frozen rain.
55. Mislaid.
57. Arched glance.
59. Central.
60. To undermine.

*The solution of our last week's puzzle will be found on page 2.*

**Next week, "John Bull" is offering a £500 must-be-won prize in a novel Crossword Competition. Tell your friends to look out for this big offer.**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BRITISH MAR 29

## CASH PRIZES FOR 2,000 COMPETITORS!

THE seventh of our remarkable series of rapid-fire *Bullets* contests is particularly designed to appeal to competitors who have never won a cash prize. *Bullets* "plodders" and readers new to the competition will note with special satisfaction that there are no fewer than 2,000 cash prizes to be won, with a cheque for £300 at the top of the list.

Study this page and begin to make *Bullets* to-day. The winning lines published this week will help you to construct *Bullets* which will pass the test of cleverness, aptness and originality.

Simply take one of the *Examples* and add any TWO, THREE or FOUR WORDS of striking comment. In making *Bullets* seek neat and simple phrasing rather than big words, remembering that either serious or humorous treatment may bring success. Fresh ideas are everywhere if you keep your eyes and ears open—simply condense one to the four-word limit and you may be amongst the 2,000 cash prize-winners.

**"*Bullets*" *Bulletin*. Have you seen "John Bull's" breezy little Guide to the prize list? Send halfpenny stamped addressed envelope for sample copy to "Bulletin" Dept., "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2.**

## Choose from these Examples for "Bullets" No. 706

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| OUR WELFARE | AS THINGS STAND | WHILE WE'RE SQUABBLING |
| THE RIGHT PEOPLE | WHAT USUALLY HAPPENS | REFORMING |
| FAIR SHARE | IT SEEMS IMPOSSIBLE, BUT | INSTEAD OF WORK |
| THE VITAL QUESTION | OUT OF OUR POCKETS | THE DE-RATING BILL |
| JEALOUSY | "— — — — !" | WORTH WHILE |
| NOT TO BE | ALL INDUSTRIES NEED | ROBBERS |
| MIRACLE OF SCIENCE | THE HOUSE-HOLDER | A LANDMARK |
| AGRICULTURE | A REVELATION | HALF THE WORLD |
| A SIMPLE MATTER | THE FIRST SIGN | GROANING |
| EVER TO-DAY | WITH A SNEEZE | IS THE GOVERNMENT DYING? |
| HELL ON EARTH | "NO HANDS WANTED!" | |

Example _____ Closing Date, SATURDAY, Feb. 23.
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(706) P.O. No. _____ Signed _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 1 Coupon send P.O. for 6d. Address _____

Example _____ Closing Date, SATURDAY, Feb. 23.
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(706) P.O. No. _____ Signed _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 2 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. Address _____

Use Two, Three or Four words. Enter name and address on each coupon.

Example _____ Closing Date, SATURDAY, Feb. 23.
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(706) P.O. No. _____ Signed _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 3 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. 6d. Address _____

Example _____ Closing Date, SATURDAY, Feb. 23.
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(706) P.O. No. _____ Signed _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 4 Coupons, send P.O. for 2s. Address _____

If you wish to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

**Address Coupons: "Bullets" No. 706, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.).**

SPECIAL NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the News-agents from whom the winners of the three chief "Bullets" Prizes in Competition No. 706 have purchased their copies of "John Bull."

The original cheque for £300 awarded to the First Prize-winner in Competition No. 701 will be shown in the window of Mr. J. W. Baker, 64, Park Street, Treforest, Glam.

## RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 702

### FIRST PRIZE OF 700 GUINEAS:

**MRS. M. H. CHEYNE, 80, Grosvenor Road, Newcastle-on-Tyne.**
Example :—CHANGE THAT'S COMING
Bullet :—SHORT SKIRTS "SWEEPING COUNTRY."

### SECOND PRIZE OF £50:

**Mr. WILLIAM HILL, 38, Prince Road, S. Norwood, S.E.**
Example :—ALL THINGS CONSIDERED
Bullet :—ALPHABETICALLY—PROBABLY EXPLAINS UNEMPLOYMENT!

### THIRD PRIZE OF £25:

**Miss M. McSORLEY, 9, McAlpine Street, Anderston, Glasgow.**
Example :—THE ETERNAL QUESTION
Bullet :—AND QUESTIONER, THAT CHILD.
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

### 10 Prizes of £5 each:

J. BEVERIDGE, 348, Govanhill Street, Glasgow.
HAND OF FATE—I'M SURELY ITS "PUNCH-BALL."
D. H. DAVIES, Jun., Rhiw-Colwyn, Blaina Road, Blaina, Mon.
NOT A BIT OF GOOD—RELIEVING UNEMPLOYED—AND LEAVING.
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)
A. E. EDDY, 24, Highfield Crescent, Southampton.
THE NIGHT-CLUBS—"PULLED WIRES"—GETTING SHOCK.
A. W. KYTE, Allesley, Coventry.
ANOTHER TIME—MILLIONS *Questioning* BUGLE.
S. LEE, 10, Oxton Road, Southwell, Notts.
SHOCK FOR THE TAXPAYER—REDUCTION—SO CHANCELLOR INCREASES!
W. MOORE, 148, Wattville Road, Handsworth, Birmingham.
NOT A BIT OF GOOD—DISASTER—INQUIRY—DISASTER—INQUIRY—
A. M. TULLY, 7, Rhodes Street, Oldham.
IMPROVING—FURLING BANNERS—UNFOLDING PLANS.
J. VEER, 75, Old Elm Street, Ardwick, Manchester.
IMPROVING—"SEA KING" SEEKING SEA.
H. WATERS, 64, Foster Street, Lincoln.
THE ETERNAL QUESTION—AND GRUNT, MARRIED CONVERSATION.
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)
WRIGHT, 90A, Maberley Street, Aberdeen.
I'M GLAD TO HEAR—BUT STOP THE NOISE!

### 10 Prizes of £2 10s. each:

MRS. AMY, Brookdale Villa, St. Martins, Guernsey.
THE NIGHT-CLUBS—RUINING OUR YOUNG *Police*.
MRS. M. A. CHESSIRE, Atherstone Road, Hartshill, near Atherstone.
MODEL WIFE—UNDERSTANDS COOKING—AND FOOTBALL.
W. COUSENS, "Dunmore," Combmere Road, St. Leonards-on-Sea.
STILL ALIVE—RESOLUTIONS—I'M NEARLY DEAD.
DAVIDSON, "Hillhead," Banff, N.B.
BILLIONAIRE'S ADVICE—PROBABLY TRAMP'S AS VALUABLE.
B. G. FISH, Broadhempston, Ashburton, Devon.
NOT A BIT OF GOOD—NEVERTHELESS, LET BABY HELP.
H. JONES, 1, Ernald Place, Swansea.
ALONE IN THE WORLD—EXCEPT FOR POLICEMAN SHADOWING.
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)
A. SANDER, 20, Sherbrooke Road, Carrington, Notts.
MILLIONAIRE'S ADVICE—"SHUT UP—I'M BUSY!"
R. H. SHARP, 192, Albert Road, Aston, Birmingham.
ALONE IN THE WORLD—UNTIL PARK BELL RINGS.
W. SHAW, 2, Roseberry Terrace, Cowdenbeath, Fife.
"ISN'T HE WONDERFUL?"—EXASPERATES PRINCE—ELATES MUSSOLINI.
L. J. WILLIAMS, 15, Thornton Avenue, Orrell, Bootle.
SHOCK FOR THE TAXPAYER—FINAL DEMAND WAS—ONCE.

A list of 25 £1 and 50 10s. winners will be published in "Bullets Bulletin," a copy of which will be sent to all prize-winners. Any reader can receive a copy of "Bullets Bulletin," our new help for competitors, on application to the "Bulletin" Dept., "JOHN BULL," Long Acre, W.C.2, enclosing halfpenny stamped addressed envelope.

A list of 500 2s. 6d. Prize-winners can be seen at the offices of "JOHN BULL."

### "BULLETS" RULES.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor is the best Bullet received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality.

2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon, and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed "& Co." Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

3. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

4. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

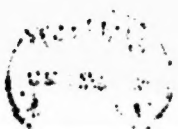
Employees of Odhams Press are not eligible.

### EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 707.

Britain's Gratitude—Rescue Party—Like Mushrooms—Specially For Me—Needs Protection—Pretty Things—A Black Spot—His Price—Losing Ground—Evidence Against Him—Words Are Cheap—Lads Of The Village—All Up—Road To Happiness—A Misfit—Spider's Web—She Spoke Her Mind, And—Just One More—Baby's Smile—With All Her Faults—In Poverty's Grip—He Wasn't Handsome, But—Wisdom Of Solomon—Just At The Moment—Shattered Dream—Ancient History—Learning To Dance—Coming On—Restored To Health—Ructions—A Dare-devil—"Sorry You've Been Troubled!"

**Closing Date, SATURDAY, March 2nd**

**SENSATIONAL NEW "BULLETS" PRIZE COMING!**



# Great Epidemic of DEADLY CATARRH

## (Chronic Cold in the Head)

## 10 DAYS' FREE TRIAL OF MARVELLOUS NEW REMEDY

**SEND A POSTCARD TO-DAY.**

### 2 Years' Catarrhal Misery Ended Made "A New Man in 12 Days."

MR. CHERRY.

Mr. C. D. Cherry, 13, Bensham Crescent, Gateshead, writes :—"I must write in praise of your wonderful treatment. After 3 days' use of the 'Shirley System' I began to feel distinct improvement. Now, after only 12 days I am completely cured of two years' Chronic Catarrh, Head Noises, Headaches and Pains, Throat Trouble and partial Deafness. I was always catching cold and suffered from every unpleasant symptom known to victims of Catarrh. No words can adequately express my thanks and delight. Your treatment is really wonderful. I feel a new man now."—Jan. 6th, 1929.

### 4½ Years' Good Health After a Miraculous Cure.

MRS. DOGAL.

Mrs. A. Dogal, 6, Gaunt Street, Bradford, writes :—"Your treatment completely cured my Catarrh 4½ years ago. I am still enjoying perfect health. I was so bad when I commenced your system I thought I was going to die! I could not sleep. I had to get out of bed and go to the open door for breath. I had no energy, was depressed, and lost my appetite. I felt I should never recover, but your 'Shirley System' completely restored my health in a month. It was indeed a miracle.' "—Jan. 5th, 1929.

### Catarrh With Terrific Head Pains Cured in 4 Days Over 3 Years Ago.

MISS BURNLEY.

Miss J. Burnley, 79, Milton Street, High Park, Southport, writes :—"I can honestly say that I am still quite well and have enjoyed splendid continuous health since the 'Shirley System' completely cured me 3 years and 4 months ago. The cure, you will remember, was effected in the record time of 4 days. Severe Catarrh was accompanied by constant colds, terrific head pains, throat trouble, cough, a general stuffiness and tired feeling. Commencing treatment, all the symptoms vanished like lightning and my general health greatly improved."—Jan. 4th, 1929.

### 3 Years' Perfect Health Follows 3 Years' Catarrh.

MR. EVANS.

Mr. E. Evans, 31, Usk Road, Bargoed, writes :—"Three years ago you completely cured me of Chronic Catarrh. I had suffered for three years. Your wonderful 'Shirley System' brought about distinct improvement during the first days of the trial. In four weeks my health was completely restored. Constant colds, sneezing fits, a hard cough, headaches and pains and the dropping of phlegm were all banished. Taste and smell were restored. I am still enjoying the best of health, and cannot speak too highly of your splendid treatment."—Jan. 3rd, 1929.

**A veritable epidemic of Catarrh is sweeping the British Isles at present. Our treacherous climate scores again :**

Are YOU a victim of this dangerous ailment? If so, dont' neglect it, or regard it with indifference, or it may endanger your life. Write to me to-day for a 10 Days' Free Trial of my well-known "Shirley System," which will give you immediate relief and hasten cure.

I have specialised in the treatment, relief and cure of this distressing and endangering condition for many years, and I would strongly advise every sufferer to give my system a personal trial just now. The symptoms are easy for anyone to diagnose.

**—If phlegm drops into the back of your throat.**
**—If you are liable to recurring colds.**
**—If you head feels "stuffy" and confused.**
**—If you have frontal headaches.**
**—If you suffer from difficulty of hearing.**
**—If your nostrils are clogged or "running."**
**—If you feel tired on rising.**
**—If you suffer from strange "headnoises."**
**—If your eyes are "watery."**
**—If "crusts" form in the nose.**
**—If your mouth and throat are dry and painful.**
**—If you expectorate often.**
**—If your sense of smell is impaired.**
**—If your breath is "bad" and your mouth "dirty."**
**—If you have pain over the eyes.**

or if you have a dry, hot skin, and alternate fits of heat and cold, you are almost certainly suffering from Catarrh.

Doctors now realise that Catarrh is dangerous. It not only causes much suffering and distress, but it has a high rate of mortality, because the slimy and poisonous mucus flows downwards (especially during sleep) into the stomach, intestines and other organs, causing Malnutrition, Debility, and a Catarrhal condition of the whole inner man that lowers resisting power to disease, and leads to such deadly ailments as Gastric Catarrh, Intestinal Catarrh, and even Consumption itself.

If you are in the grip of Catarrh don't delay, but write to me to-day for a

## 10 DAYS' FREE TRIAL OF THE "SHIRLEY SYSTEM"

and see how soon it will save you from the miseries and risks of Catarrh in all its forms, including Catarrhal Deafness and Gastric Catarrh.

It will bring you relief from the very first. The stuffed up passages get clear, easy nasal breathing follows, headnoises disappear. Headaches, too, become things of the past, and your whole system is completely cleared of the poisonous and slimy mucus. It will lift the Crushing Burden of Catarrh from your shoulders like magic.

Just send me your name and address TO-DAY (a postcard will do) for a 10 Days' Free Trial of my "Shirley System." No matter how often you have been disappointed before or how long you have suffered, don't despair until you have tried my wonderful Treatment. Address: Elmer Shirley, 35, Gray's Inn Road (C.802), London, W.C.1.

*(Personal consultations by appointment, 3 to 4 o'clock daily except Saturdays.)*

### "A Godsend to Catarrh Victims" Says Patient Cured after 5 Years.

MR. S. HOLROYD.

Mr. S. Holroyd, 4, Tomlinson Buildings, High Street, Morley, Leeds, writes :—"The 'Shirley System' is a veritable 'God-Send' to Catarrh sufferers. Nine months ago I sent for it after suffering for over five years from constant colds, a loose cough and severe throat and breathing troubles. The treatment did everything you said it would. In a month all symptoms were banished lastingly and complete. I was quite cured, and there has been no return."—Dec. 3rd, 1928.

### Deafness Cured 6 Months Ago. Remains Perfect: No More Colds.

MR. G. FAWDRY.

Mr. George Fawdry, 31, Marmion Road, Clapham Common, London, S.W.11, writes :—"Words seem futile to express my thanks to you for permanently curing my Deafness. Six months ago I commenced your treatment and first noticed an improvement 11 days after. Before I had finished my hearing was quite normal, for, having once started, improvement was very rapid. Hearing still remains perfect, and I have not had a cold since. Previously I had colds at frequent intervals."—Nov. 27th, 1928.

### Permanent Good Health Follows Four Years' Catarrh.

MRS. SWANN.

Mrs. Swann, 23, Atlas Street, Wetley Hill, Bradford, writes :—"About a year ago you completely cured me after I had suffered for four years. I am in better health now than I have been for years. The improvement is great. In my case colds and sneezing bouts were constant, taste and smell were destroyed, and my hearing was affected a little. The throat required constant clearing; headaches and pains over the eyes added to my misery."—Nov. 27th, 1928.

### Patient Now Defies Weather After Many Years' Catarrh!

MR W. SHUTTLEWORTH.

Mr. W. Shuttleworth, 144, Moore Street, Sheffield, writes :—"I suffered from 4 to 5 years from Catarrh before trying the 'Shirley System.' But now, after finishing a month's treatment, I am in the best of health. I can perform my daily tasks with ease and energy. The nasal passages are quite clear and I have no difficulty in breathing. My cough has vanished. The constant watering of the eyes has ceased. The cold and bleak weather has not caused me the slightest inconvenience since I was cured."—Nov. 18th, 1928.

*Sanalak, Ltd*

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